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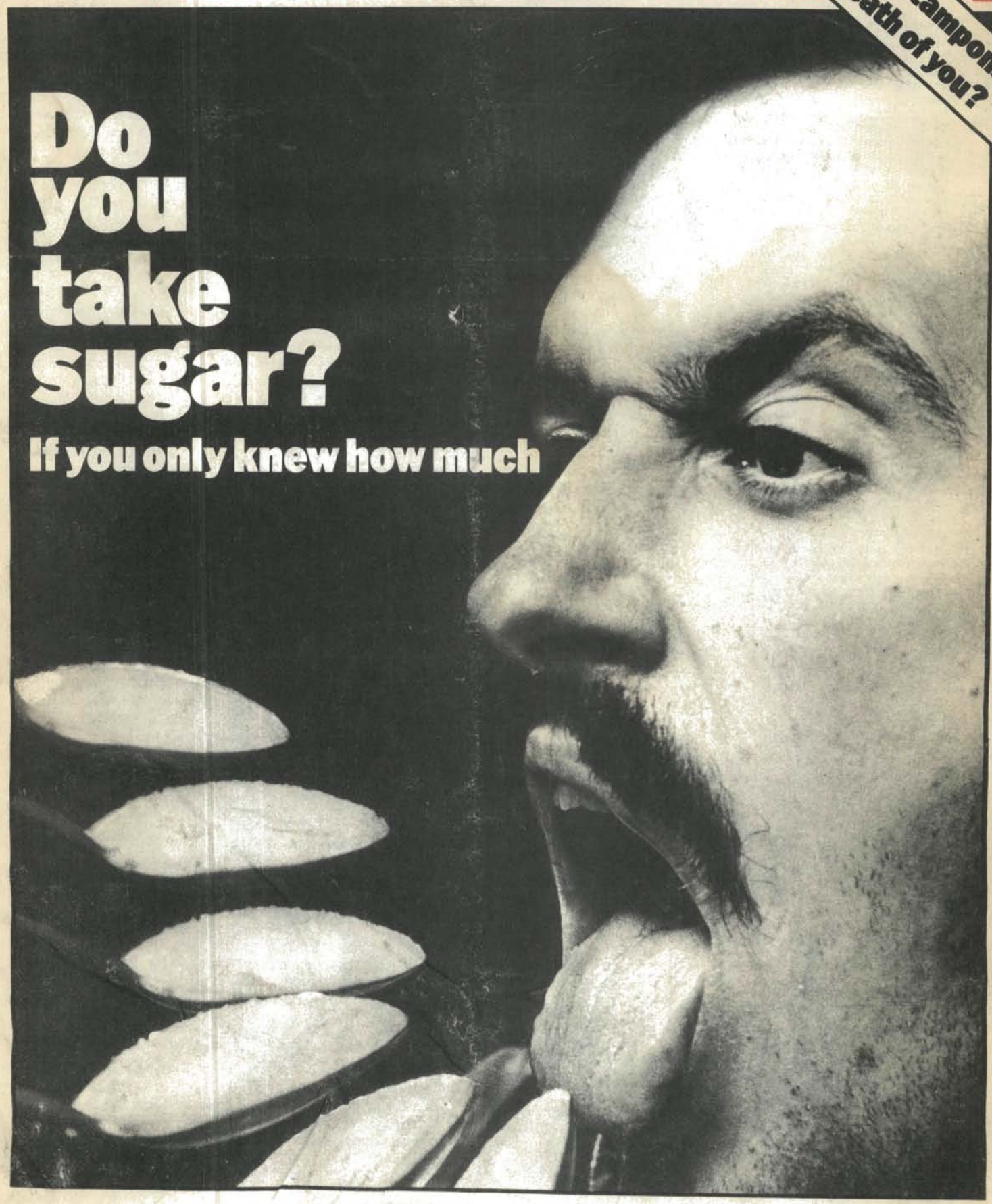
NEW STATESMAN

Could your tampons be the death of you?



Do you take sugar?

If you only knew how much

The docks conflict

World War III: who gets the bunkers

Birmingham jail boss: 'Let m[illegible]ple go'

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NEW STATESMAN
Vol 100 19 September 1980 No 2583

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Socialism, patriotism and British Leyland

AS THE LEYLAND Mini Metro revs up on the starting grid, a big publicity operation has been unleashed in the past week to convince us all of two arguments. The first is that the Metro will be a 'world beater' (*Sunday Mirror*) and could be Leyland's 'first step on a path to recovery that would match the revival of Volkswagen's fortunes' (*Observer*). Let us hope so — while remembering that until the Metro has been subject to sustained use by the motoring public and detailed scrutiny by independent organisations like the Consumers' Association, it is a brave man who dares predict that Leyland can, in one gear change, reverse its recent record of low investment, poor management, and making unreliable cars that too few motorists want.

The second argument is more canny. It implies a fall-back position if — when? — the Metro falls short of its pre-launch eulogies, and turns out not to be a world beater. It goes like this: not only is Leyland's future bound up with the Metro, but much else besides hangs on the car — the fates of component makers like Lucas, other suppliers like British Steel, and a whole host of secondary activity such as that of British Rail's freight services in carrying steel to Leyland factories. So even if the Metro does not come up to scratch, Britain's industrial and employment prospects require that we keep Leyland afloat, right?

Wrong. For Leyland to collapse would indeed cause big problems; redundancies could number hundreds of thousands when all the knock-on effects are counted. For that to happen is something no humane citizen, let alone socialist, could tolerate. Yet to continue supporting a Leyland that offers no convincing prospect of financial self-sufficiency could yield an even more disastrous result: an industrial landscape so disfigured by old, giant, inefficient subsidised concerns that the prospects for many newer, more advanced but unsubsidised industries could be fatally damaged. Leyland would become a frighteningly large example of a more general failure by both Labour and Conservative governments to plan for structural industrial change. And Britain would end up in a worse shape than ever to make and sell the kinds of goods the world, and ourselves, will then want to buy.

SUCH A BLEAK analysis is understandably difficult for trade union officials and Labour politicians, as well as the workers immediately at risk, to accept. Is it not, after all, the duty of the Labour movement to defend the livelihoods of its members? Indeed, and one of the enduring, and distinguishing, features of Labour when in power should be to entertain some of the costs of that defence. But that only makes sense as part of a strategy to introduce planned and orderly change, not simply as a tactic to prevent the occurrence of change altogether.

Just now a special urgency attends Labour's need to devise an orderly plan to run down Britain's least efficient industrial giants — not least by ensuring that workers are generously compensated for the bruising upheaval that past bad management is now going to cause them, and not left without future jobs to go to. The urgency derives from the impact of North Sea oil. A spectacular academic punch-up is under way over what the precise effects will be; but one thing is unavoidable. *For any given level of total output, the share taken by manufacturing will be lower than it would be without oil.*

The logic is as follows. Oil revenues enable us to buy substantially more imported goods, which are in large measure manufactured goods. It therefore makes most sense for our economy to concentrate less on doing those things that foreigners do better (like making cars) and more on those things that we either do tolerably well anyway (like chemicals) or industries we shall need when the oil runs out (computers, electronic components etc), or things we have to do ourselves because we cannot easily import them. Construction is one big example; the service industries another; and for socialists, of course, it is an opportunity to devote a chunk of North Sea tax revenues to reviving our health and education services.

WHETHER THE DECLINE in manufacturing will be absolute or merely relative is a moot point. Pessimists at the Institute for Fiscal Studies[1] foresee a £4.2 billion decline in annual manufacturing output, matched by an equal rise in construction and services. Rival Cambridge economists[2] say nonsense: you can use oil to reflate the economy and keep manufacturing output growing. Using the same tools of analysis as the IFS ('comparative statics'), Cambridge comes up with a £2.9 billion increase in manufacturing output — accompanied by a remarkable £26.2 billion increase in construction and service output. Either way the result would be a cut in the *share* of output and employment in manufacturing.

The main mechanism for making this happen is a higher level of sterling than we would have without oil. The fact that Tory monetary measures have driven the pound insanely high merely adds to the problem. But for any government then to rig the rules of the game in favour of large, badly-run and inefficient concerns (either with open-ended subsidies, or specific import quotas) would be like reserving some seats in a game of musical chairs for a few of the slower, overweight contestants: it will end up increasing the casualty rate among the fitter ones.

TO TORIES the conclusion may well be to leave it all to market forces, which in Britain's case means sudden large-scale redundancies and short-sighted investment decisions. Of course Labour must oppose the brutal inhumanity that these provoke — whether at Leyland, British Steel, or wherever. But mere opposition is not enough. In the long run a very substantial net transfer of employment into the service and construction sectors is inevitable. At the same time we need to ensure that the manufacturing sectors that do survive include the industries that can expand when the oil runs out: they will often not be the ones the City would favour today. The size of the problem makes an eloquent case for socialist planning; and the time to start work at the drawing board is now.

1 *The Economic Implications of North Sea Oil Revenues;* by P J Forsyth and J A Kay; Fiscal Studies, July 1980.

2 *The Economic Implications of North Sea Oil;* by Francis Cripps and Wynne Godley; Department of Applied Economics, Cambridge, August 1980.

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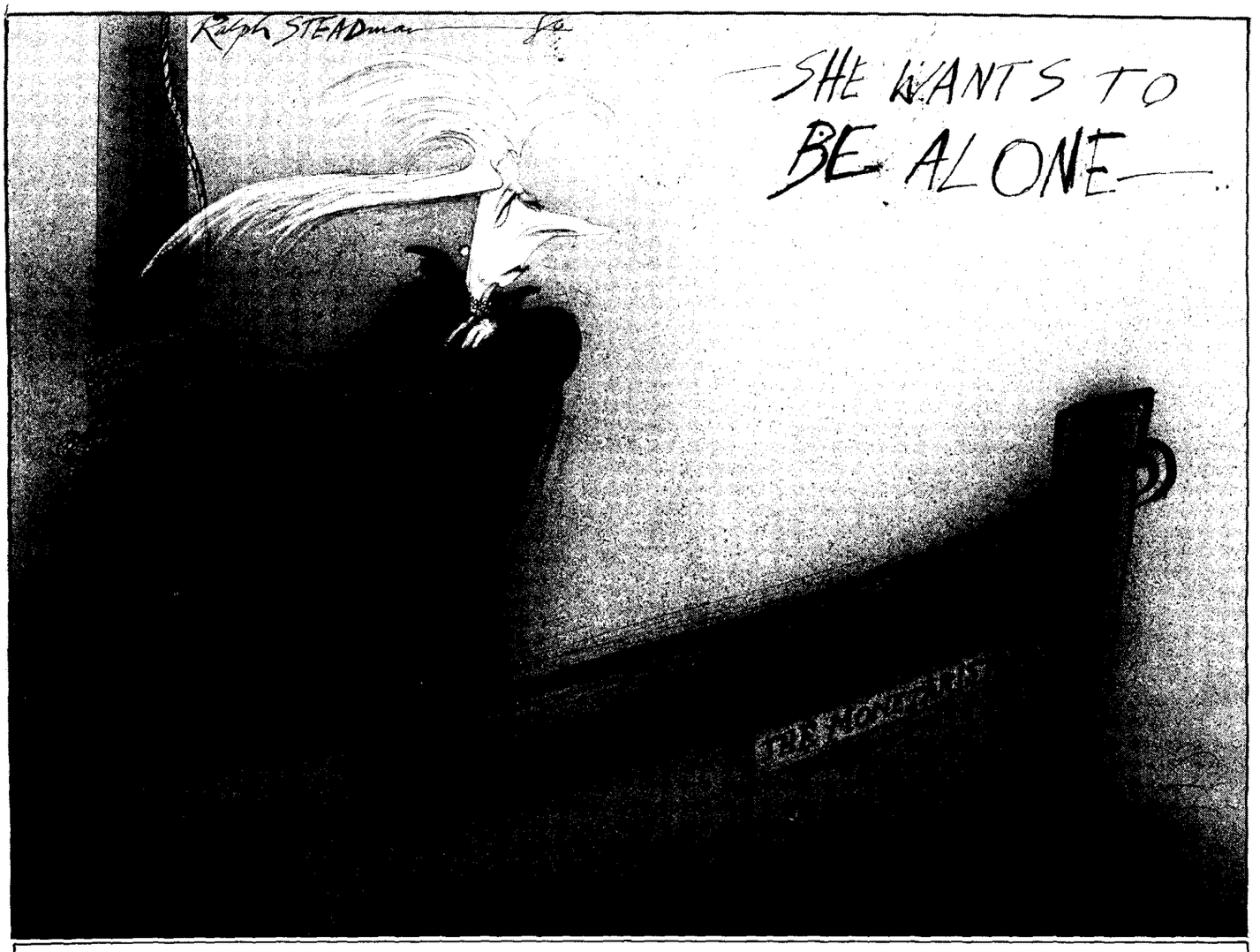

NOTES

Docks' strike

Rob Rohrer writes: Liverpool's port employers may avert the national dock strike called for Monday by abandoning attempts to force 178 dockers onto a temporary unemployment register (TUR). But such an apparent climbdown will not mark the end of the employers' determined campaign to substantially erode the status and power of the local Dock Labour Boards — through which dockers, uniquely among industrial workers, exercise equal control over port employment.

The employers' intentions, now being militantly expressed on Merseyside, were put to the government earlier this year by the National Association of Port Employers. NAPE wants the government in its proposed Docks Bill to sweep away the hiring and firing powers of local boards, re-introduce casual and seasonal labour, impose compulsory redundancy, and fragment the dockers' hard won power base on the boards.

For the employers, Liverpool represents the opening skirmish. The dispute began boldly by the employers asking the Liverpool Dock Labour Board last month to sanction 'compulsory severance' for the 178 men. Since the dockers forced an end to decades of casual labour in 1967, they have established a statutory right to permanent secure employment — the 'jobs for life' derided by port employers.

The 178 Liverpool men work for two stevedoring companies due to close down at the end of the month. Normally, under the Jones-Aldington agreement that settled the 1972 docks strike, these men would be reallocated to other employers. If there was still no work for them they would receive £78.50 a week 'fallback' pay. On the TUR, only ever used in Liverpool for disciplinary purposes, the weekly rate is £55.

Neither side in Liverpool wants the TUR. James Fitzpatrick, Chairman of the Local and National Port Employers Associations, calls it a 'transit camp to nowwhere'. The TUR only entered the dispute when the six employers who sit on the local Dock Labour Board staged their rebellion against the practice of reallocating labour. Last week these employers ignored a directive from the National Board telling them to reallocate; the only alternative to reallocation, apart from compulsry redundancy, is the TUR, which is vehemently ruled out by the union side. The possibility of compromise lies in the 'Golden handshakes'. This week's moves have been aimed at raising the two-year old, inflation eroded maximum of £8,500 to around £10,000. Although the TGWU gave its blessing to the original Jones-Aldington severance deal the union now refuses to discuss improved severance. Dockers' jobs have been so drastically whittled in the last decade — down nearly 50% to around 25,000 — that preservation of jobs is uppermost in the union's mind. In any event Liverpool dock stewards are sceptical that the lump sum — even marginally improved — will draw off the 'surplus labour'. A merseyside docker averaging around £6,000 a year, with some years to go before retirement, knows how remote are his chances of finding other work.

Jimmy Symes, TGWU district Docks Secretary on Merseyside and a former chairman of the Liverpool port shops stewards, believes the employers want to attack the Dock Labour Board claiming: 'in the present dispute over the TUR the employers, who've always been sticklers for the board's rules, are acting unconstitutionally.' The Liverpool employers disagree, they argue the Jones-Aldington agreement does not have the force of law and is overridden by clauses in the statutory Dock Labour Scheme which they claim, empower local boards to terminate dockers' jobs and ultimately enforce a temporary unemployment register. If the dock strike goes ahead the port employers are certain to seize the opportunity of a protracted legal wrangle along these lines to severely test the dockworkers' substantial control of employment in their industry.

'Coloured' journalist arrested

Anna Coote writes: Zubeida Jaffer, arrested in Cape Town on 27 August and now detained in the Port Elizabeth jail where Steve Biko died, is uniquely qualified to offend the South African authorities, as a 'coloured', Xhosa-speaking journalist working for a white newspaper. Her reports from the local black community have been far more detailed and authentic than anything a white journalist, however well-meaning, could have produced. After the Cape Flat riots which this year marked the anniversary of the 1976 Soweto massacre, Jaffer's interviews with families of the victims were published at length in the *Cape Times* — and this almost certainly prompted her arrest.

Jaffer, 22, reported on 24 July that far more people had been killed than the police would admit; many were women and children, and none appeared to belong to the 'organised gangs' whom the police claimed were responsible. Mrs J. Christians of E Transit Camp, whose son Andrew was shot when he went for water from the communal tap, told her:

> 'He was a very quiet child and helped me around the house . . . To lose a child like this is very difficult.' Andrew left school and spent most of his

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time looking after their tiny 'transit' home while his mother went to work daily.

Mr Martin Roodt described how he went out with his son Gavin to search for his wife Edith who had been buying bread for the family. 'We went to the shop and saw people running. We decided to return. I then felt a bullet in my back and tried to get home'. Later, they were both taken to the police station:

> 'I saw my wife's body lying on the step. She was covered with a blanket but I recognised her shoe lying beside her body. I kicked the shoe aside because I didn't want Gavin to see his mother,' said Mr Roodt who was still in bed recovering from a bullet wound in his back.

Twenty-two year old Christine Horn died when she went out looking for her two brothers. Her mother, who now looks after Christine's children, Christopher, five, Santel, two and Divoda, six months, told Jaffer:

> 'It feels as if I sent her to her death because I asked her to go out and call the boys' . . . Young Santel waits for her mother to come home every night when she sees other women returning from work.

Jaffer conveyed the growing sense of injustice among Cape Town families. Mrs Enid Lombard, whose 15-year-old son William had been killed, told her: 'If they can show me one policeman with a stone mark on his body, then I could still understand. But William was more than 200m from the road and couldn't possibly have thrown stones as they claimed when I went to the mortuary.' Her report ended with the words of Mrs September of Lavender Hill whose daughter was killed: 'In 1976 we thought that things would change. But nothing has changed — our people cannot live like this any more.'

Zubeida Jaffer is being held under Section 22 of the General Law Amendment Act which empowers the authorities to interrogate her for up to 14 days without giving reasons or charging her. Detention can be renewed for further periods, indefinitely.

Ripper claim is 'stabbing in the dark'

Rob Rohrer writes: West Yorkshire police have emphatically denied there is a further unpublicised threat to kill contained in the letters said to have been written by the Yorkshire Ripper. The *New Statesman* revealed last week that this threat — clearly made in an early letter — is directed at a Yorkshire town where the murderer of 12 women has not yet killed.

'This particular claim is just not true', West Yorkshire CID Chief George Oldfield told the *Yorkshire Post*, I can assure you I would not take the chance of having such a thing on my conscience. This article is stabbing in the dark.'

The Police conscience in this matter, however, appears to be newly resurrected. On 5 April 1979 Josephine Whitaker, an 18-year-old building society clerk, was stabbed to death in Halifax. She had walked out alone and late at night, unaware the Ripper had recently threatened to kill again. In a letter to George Oldfield, less than a fortnight before, he had mused: 'I don't know when I will get back on the job but I know it wont be Chapeltown too bloody hot there maybe Bradford's Manningham.'

Detectives were convinced the letter writer had already murdered 10 women. They accepted that the threat to kill *'maybe'* in Bradford might, if it went beyond the mere uncertainty, be a straightforward deception disguising an intention to kill elsewhere. But still they chose not to use the threat publicly as a general warning to women throughout Yorkshire and Lancashire. Not until four months later, after prolonged police wrangling, was the Bradford threat released.

Ripper Squad detectives remained coy last week when asked to say why the letters, particularly the first two, cannot now be published in full. Oldfield told one reporter he wouldn't 'dignify' the *New Statesman* article by discussing it. It may be quite some time, therefore, before a suitably dignified version of the Ripper Hunt — a book currently being researched by West Yorkshire Police's own Press Officers — settles the dispute over the Ripper's third threat.

Anna Coote

Union 'flayed' in press freedom row

NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS and editors who were dismayed by the new policy on press freedom adopted this month by the TUC can take comfort in a curious row which has erupted in the National Union of Journalists, the originator of the offending motion to Congress. 'Journalists divided over TUC speech', the *Financial Times* reported on 9 September. This week's *UK Press Gazette* leads with the headline: 'NUJ President flays the members who misled TUC'.

Francis Beckett, who was elected NUJ President for a year (according to the union's custom) and whose full-time job is press officer with the agricultural workers' union, took the unusual step of publicly attacking the speech on press freedom made to Congress on the NUJ's behalf, contradicting its contents and bitterly criticising his fellow delegates to the TUC.

'A little more of the NUJ's precious power and influence was dissipated', Mr Beckett told the union's Glasgow branch last week. His outburst followed Fleet Street's predictably hostile response to the decision by Congress to endorse the press freedom motion. The *Observer* warned that the TUC had 'travelled down a dangerous road' in passing the resolution, and had exhibited 'worrying signs that in the name of Press freedom the wilder political fringes in this country would like to destory it'. Paul Johnson warned in the *Daily Mail* that 'the end of our free Press cannot be far away'.

The reading public could not have been much enlightened by any of this. What terrible new line had the unions adopted? A wild and irresponsible one, for sure, if the journalists' own leader was barnstorming the country on what looked like an Anti ticket . . .

None of the national newspapers which attacked the TUC motion bothered to report it in full — a characteristic problem and one to which the motion (right) addresses itself. Whatever was said from the platform at Brighton, or from the columns of the national press, it is the wording of the motion which now constitutes TUC policy. The *Observer* and *Mail* were evidently alarmed at the prospect of unions 'applying pressure on newspapers and broadcasting employers to ensure a fair hearing for differing opinions . . . and . . . the right to reply for victims of bias or distortion'. In his proposing speech, NUJ delegate Aidan White explained that if the steps contained in the motion proved ineffective, then 'direct action' might have to be taken 'to impose decent standards on recalcitrant employers'. It isn't clear why this should have amounted to an attempt to destroy press freedom. As Mr White pointed out, the responsibility for such a development would lie 'with the employers themselves'.

More mystifying still has been Mr Francis Beckett's attack on his own union. On his Scottish tour last week he announced that the NUJ had 'no policy which calls on media workers, printers, journalists or anyone else to go on strike over ethical issues'. This came as a surprise to most NUJ members who remember their union's agreement with the National Graphical Association which recognises 'the right of members to withold their labour on grounds of conscience because employers are providing a platform for racist propaganda'; and another long-established NUJ policy 'to withdraw immediately all members from any publication or broadcasting enterprise where censorship is being practised'.

In fact, Mr Beckett read and approved Mr White's speech before it was delivered, and later in the day, when its success was apparent to all at Brighton, was heard to claim that he had written it himself. He was chiefly angry, as he made abundantly clear, that he had not been the one to move the resolution. The delegates (of which I was one) voted four-three in favour of Mr White doing the honours; and the NUJ had decided at its annual conference earlier this year to give the TUC delegation 'full authority' over motions tabled for Congress. Mr Beckett spent much of the rest of the week in Brighton thumbing through the NUJ rule book and telephoning colleagues in an effort to overturn the decision. Having failed, he went public at the earliest opportunity, complaining in his carefully press-released Glasgow speech that 'this process of asset-stripping . . . must be stopped'. After the NUJ had enjoyed unprecedented success in uniting the trade union movement in the cause of press freedom (there were no votes against the motion and it was formally supported by all the major print unions), the president's speech provided the first opportunity for reports of a 'split' in the ranks.

TUC motion on press freedom

Congress again condemns the persistent anti-union bias of most sections of the media at national and local level and, in particular, denounces the hysterical coverage of the TUC Day of Action on May 14 this year.

Congress believes that the partisan approach of the media to the coverage of trade union matters and the affairs of the wider labour Movement show that a major concern of the industry is the defence of commercial interests rather than the dissemination of information.

In the interests of a genuinely free press, Congress accepts that steps must be taken to defend those who have no voice in the existing media. To this end, Congress welcomes the setting up of the Campaign for Press Freedom and pledges its continued support for alternative press and broadcasting initiatives.

Congress recognises that one safeguard for press freedom lies in strong union organisation within the media industries.

Congress further requests the General Council during the coming year:

(i) to examine alternative use of media resources and to consider setting up a central fund, to which all member unions should provide financial backing for appropriate press and broadcasting ventures;

(ii) to examine ways in which member unions, particularly those in the press and broadcasting, can apply pressure on newspaper and broadcasting employers to ensure a fair hearing for differing opinions; to encourage the highest standards of journalism and media production; to prevent the victimisation of individuals through editorial bias; and to ensure the right of reply for victims of bias or distortion in the press;

(iii) to examine as a matter of urgency the setting up of a genuinely independent system of monitoring the press and broadcasting which would provide a forum for complaints by the public; and

(iv) in the light of the British Steel Corporation v Granada TV judgement in the Court of Appeal, to campaign for a Freedom of Information Bill which will ensure that the media are able to report freely on actions of Government while journalists are able to protect their sources,

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CAPITALISM
Elaine Davenport

Controversial American tampons reach Britain amid official indifference

The gentle glide towards £32m.

A NEW TAMPON which is causing grave concern in the United States has recently come onto the British market. No government department seems anything more than remotely concerned about the Playtex tampon's arrival and its remarkable success in capturing 6 per cent of the market despite the existence of several lawsuits against it and similar products in America. An analysis commissioned by the *New Statesman* reveals that the Playtex tampon is made almost entirely of synthetic fibre: one American researcher is investigating whether the synthetic material in a tampon is responsible for weakening a woman's resistance to toxic shock syndrome (TSS) — a sometimes fatal disease.

In recent years a new generation of tampon has been developed, of which Playtex is only one — other brands are on sale in the US. The new product differs from the traditional, compressed all-cotton pad in three important respects: it is made with a high synthetic content, it contains a chemical deodorant and it is inserted via a plastic applicator. In the US 17 deaths have been blamed on TSS.

Fifteen-year-old Diane Silva of Livermore, California was using Playtex's deodorant tampons when she became ill on 7 August this year. Three days later she died of toxic shock syndrome after a sharp fall in her blood pressure and an attack of blurred vision. The Silva family's lawyer J. Michael Brown is convinced that the Playtex tampon was to blame and is filing a wrongful death case against the company, which is better known in Britain for its corsets and the 'cross your heart' bra.

TSS — which was first recognised two years ago — is not necessarily fatal and is not confined to menstruating women. But the vast bulk of the 272 cases reported by the beginning of this month occurred in women who were using tampons. And while *all* tampons have been implicated, the evidence is growing that TSS primarily attacks the users of Playtex, Rely (made by Proctor and Gamble and only available in the US) and other 'modern' tampons.

TSS IS CAUSED by a toxin or poison getting into the blood stream. The toxin is produced by the bacterium Staphylococcus aureus, naturally present in the vaginas of 10 to 15 per cent of women. If it reaches the blood stream it causes flu-like symptoms — vomiting, fever, diarrhoea, body temperatures as high as 106 F, bloodshot eyes, body rash, extreme muscle pain. The disease is particularly risky because of how quickly the victim goes into shock and the only known treatment — intravenous fluids and ice blankets — is the same as for poison victims.

The Center for Disease Control has several dozen experts analyzing TSS, but has so far been unable to isolate the toxin being produced or to explain how it might be made. 'We are looking at three theories,' says Dr Bruce Dan, epidemic intelligence officer at the Atlanta centre. 'Women have changed, the staph bacterium has changed, or tampons have changed. I would venture, and I think most will agree, that women haven't changed. It's possible that the staph bacterium has changed and is now manufacturing a toxin it never made before. But what has changed dramatically in the last few years is tampons.'

Top: the criticised tampon; right 34 tons of Playtex tampons are unloaded at Manchester airport.

Michael Bennett

Tampax — the traditional market leaders with 56 per cent of the British market — first introduced a mixture of rayon and cotton, in the early 1970s. The precise mix varies depending on the price of cotton and in fact at the moment they say their tampons are 100 per cent cotton. Playtex have gone much further. They claim, when asked, that their product contains rayon polyacrylate fibre, cotton and polysorbate. This is only true if you count the drawstring. We have had a Playtex tampon — the 'plus deodorant' — analysed by a firm listed in the *Register of Consulting Scientists* (Fulmer Research Institute) and they report that 100 per cent of the bulk is made of synthetic fibre. The polysorbate is a wetting agent which increases the speed of absorbency and also acts as a lubricant and a binder.

The second and perhaps most significant difference between Playtex and its rivals is the applicator. Lil-lets — second in the British market with a 36 per cent share — has no applicator (you use your finger) and Tampax has a cardboard tube which can be flushed down the lavatory. As the picture shows, Playtex has a plastic applicator with six rounded teeth at the working end. The Disease Control Centre in Atlanta believes that the applicator may be capable of scraping the vaginal wall, thus allowing the toxin to enter the blood steam.

There is also concern about the deodorant which Playtex has added to one version of its tampon. Playtex admits there is a risk. Printed on the package is a warning:

> Caution: Discontinue use if sensitivity or irritation occurs. Persistent or unusual odour or discharge may indicate the presence of a condition for which a doctor should be consulted.

There is some doubt whether or not the deodorant is necessary. Tampax have decided against launching a deodorant tampon because of the success with which women's magazines killed the 'feminine hygiene spray' in the early seventies. They point out that deodorant is unnecessary because menstrual fluid must be in contact with air before an odour is created. Playtex say medical opinion differs on this but anyway 'even if there is no odour, a woman may think there is and simply want to buy a deodorant tampon. She should have the right.'

PLAYTEX NOW has about 6 per cent of the £32 million a year tampon market in Britain and says that it is selling equal numbers of deodorant and non-deodorant tampons. In the US, where it has 31 per cent of the market, and in France, where it has 24 per cent after 16 months in the shops, deodorant versions outsell their non-deodorant cousins. In Britain some of the influential women's magazine writers have already come out against the deodorised tampons, including Claire Rayner of *Woman's Own*. Alastair Macmillan, public relations consultant for Playtex tampons dismisses much of the criticism of the product as 'an awful lot of ill feeling from one's competitors'. Playtex have also pointed out that tampons do not *cause* TSS and that the company is co-operating fully in an attempt to find out what does.

Playtex can market its product in this country free of control because of a legal loophole. A tampon is not a cosmetic, which the Cosmetic Products Regulations 1978 describe as being for 'external use'. So a deodorant applied to the external genital organs is a cosmetic, but once entry is gained, it is no longer a cosmetic. There is no control over the import of tampons — so long as the importing agent uses the description code 4821-2100 on the necessary forms, as many can be brought into the country as the aeroplanes can carry.

The Department of Trade's Consumer Safety Unit says that it has had just two complaints from the general public but that these were not of ill-effects to the users personally, 'but of tampon disease worry in general after reading reports from America'. The complaints have been passed to the Department of Health and Social Security which, says the DoT, would 'have a brief to look into a health hazard.'

Over at the DHSS, however, things are not quite so straightforward. They say that because tampons do not fall within the bounds of the Medicines Act, the DHSS has nothing to do with them. And anyway, said a spokesman on Monday, 'we don't usually deal with comments from the general public.' The complainant would be told to see her doctor, who could then approach the DHSS, which would decide whether and how to investigate the matter, 'probably referring any answers back to the Consumer Safety Unit'. On Tuesday the DHSS rang back saying that 'we have, however, looked at this and see no cause for concern.'

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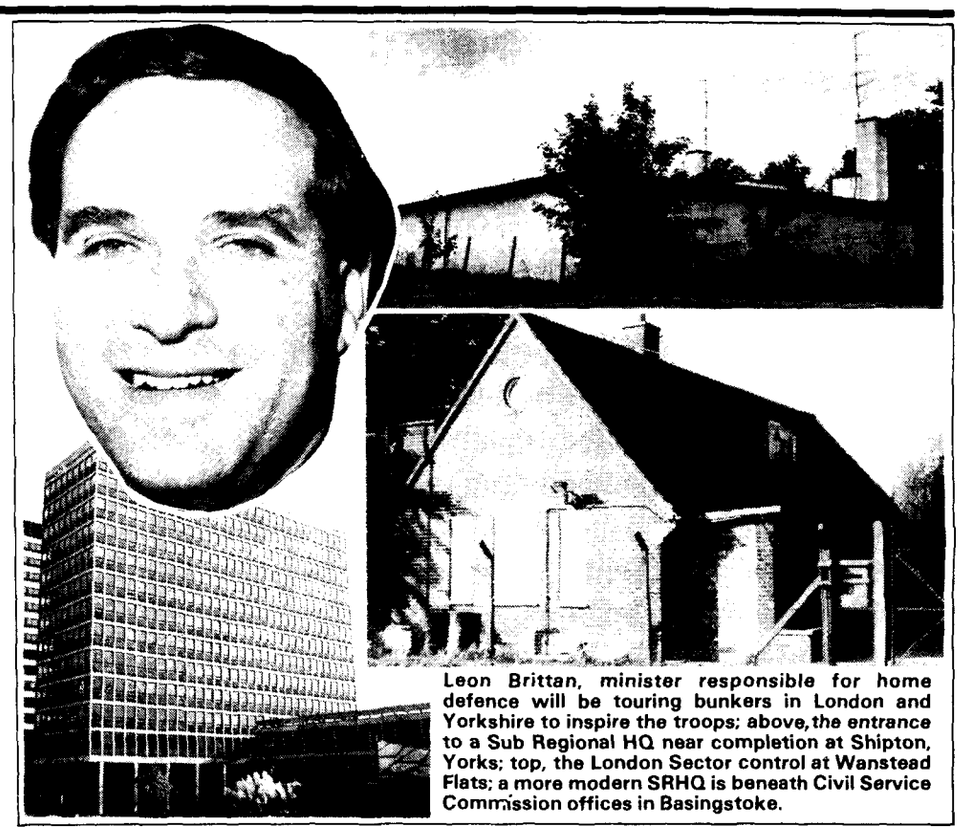
Who cares if the bomb drops?

This week-end military and civil authorities throughout the country are testing the Home Defence plans which will be used in the event of a nuclear war. Publicly, the government claims we will be protected and relieved by these preparations. But, as DUNCAN CAMPBELL explains, the system's main purpose is the supressing of dissent and the safeguarding of a ruling elite.



Leon Brittan, minister responsible for home defence will be touring bunkers in London and Yorkshire to inspire the troops; above, the entrance to a Sub Regional HQ near completion at Shipton, Yorks; top, the London Sector control at Wanstead Flats; a more modern SRHQ is beneath Civil Service Commission offices in Basingstoke.

THE BOMBS START FALLING today, Friday. By lunchtime over 100 nuclear weapons will have stuck targets in the UK, according to the maps of the 'home defence' planners who are conducting a full dress rehearsal of war plans this week — exercise *Square Leg*. Once the holocaust has abated, teams embunkered at over 50 locations throughout Britain will plan the control of what's left. This is the third exercise of the Home Office's civil defence network, a system which many believe to be merely a gesture towards protecting the civil population from the consequences of a nuclear attack. This year such critics are joined by professionals inside the civil part of the system who believe that they have been neglected in favour of military preparations.

The Home Office 'don't understand what the hell they're doing', according to one senior official involved in *Square Leg*. He pointed out that one of the parts of the system most advertised to the public is not even part of the exercise. This is the UK Warning and Monitoring Organistion, which plots and measures the movement of radioactive fallout and other bomb effects. This is virtually the only part of the old Civil Defence which remains in the new and revamped 'Home Defence' system.

As on previous occasions *Square Leg* is an exercise in which military and civil commanders practise — on paper — the emergency rule of Britain during war or crisis. The first, unhappily named *Inside Right*, was held in 1975. The second, *Scrum Half*, was in 1978; as the *New Statesman* revealed two months ago (NS 18 July) within three days of the start of this exercise, every army and police unit involved had (notionally) been supplied with hundreds of CS gas munitions to help keep order. *Square Leg* is part of CRUSADER — the British end of the current NATO exercise.

WIDESPREAD PUBLIC AND official cynicism about civil defence plans is the result of the abandonment of all hope of repeating the life-saving ventures of the ARP volunteers in the Blitz. The arrival of the H Bomb in the late 50s promised devastation which appeared too vast to be ameliorated by any amount of emergency help. Out of this despair, its accompanying doctrines of mutually assured destruction and out of financial difficulties, came the 1968 scrapping of the civil defence Corps. When in 1972 the Heath government resurrected the idea of civil defence from the doldrums, it had a very different spirit. Not least among the official reasons for the revival was the considerable unease created during the miners strike — and the police withdrawal from Saltley Gate. With such events very much in mind, a 1973 Home Office classified circular to the local authorities defined the purpose of the new doctrine of Home Defence as being principally 'to secure the United Kingdom against any internal threat'. With this in mind, the incomplete network of bunkers and other controls which had run down since the sixties have been refurbished.

A five tier hierarchical network of protected bunkers now covers the entire country. The system is closely coupled to military arrangements, and provides for an army major-general, or figure of equivalent rank, to be appointed as Regional Military Commander in each of the 12 regions in Britain. At the top, a Central Government War HQ will be concerned primarily with waging war, conducting foreign affairs, and sheltering top people. The twelve regions will initially be administered from Armed Forces Headquarters (AFHQs), normally near peacetime Army district HQs.

The AFHQs, ten in England and one each in Scotland and Wales, have taken over the function of the more civilian oriented RSGs which Committee of 100 activists — the *Spies for Peace* — had discovered in 1963. At each Regional HQ, a Regional commissioner — selected from suitable government ministers — would be in charge. These Commissioners would be the only elected politicians allowed to intrude on the system. Most of the civil administration is carried out from lower echelon Sub Regional Headquarters (SRHQs), each housing about 200 people. They are entirely staffed by civil servants, with some assistance from selected industrialists and bodies such as the BBC and the Post Office.

Senior civil servants have already been appointed to act as Sub Regional Commissioners in emergency. They are generally Under-Secretaries, and will be rehearsing their roles this weekend. One such mandarin who will be practising his role as absolute ruler will be Mr J S Beastall, who works in the Treasury. He is the Commissioner for sub region 42, covering Essex, Herts, and Bedfordshire. His emergency base — SRHQ42 — is concealed below the dole office at Sovereign House, Hertford, which is one of a series of modern provincial government or police buildings which were constructed with large secret government shelters built in.

THE BUNKERS at all levels will be activated on Saturday. These include 17 SRHQs in England and Wales, and 3 corresponding 'Zone Controls' provided by the Scottish Office. Below these are county and district council war HQs, which will be run by the chief executives of each local authority. They are designated local 'controllers', and may if need be rule with absolute power and with the assurance of retrospective legitimation of any of their actions by regional or central government. Democratic institutions have been purged even from this low level of crisis administration. Each controller may only be 'advised' by a countil emergency committee limited to 3 people. Home Office guidance is less clear on whether the three councillors have to be found any protected accommodation.

Over the weekend, teams at each control will play through the 'stay put' phase of the attack. This is the period before, during and just after an attack when movement is restricted because of high fallout levels. The 'stay put' period policy is clearly advocated by the Home Office's recently published *Protect and Survive* pamphlet. *Protect and Survive* does not however see fit to advise the public on what would happen if they did try to move during the pre-attack period. Guidance on this topic is less widely publicised, but may be found in HQ circular 238/1971 on 'Essential Service Routes' (ESRs). These ESRs include all the

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countries' major roads and motorways:

> ESRs would be controlled by the police, possibly assisted by the armed services, to facilitate the free movement of essential traffic of all kinds engaged in the implementation of transition-to-war measures

and the public would be kept off. Discussion of this subject at a recent home defence conference, according to reliable reports, centred on whether force should be used to prevent the urban population from fleeing or whether a softer line advocated by the police should be adopted. The police argued that if the major roads, all ESRs, were controlled then minor roads would jam up of their own accord without any need for force.

Similar official reticence afflicts other interesting emergency measures. *Protect and Survive* contains abundant advice on what to obtain to stock your beneath-the-stairs shelter. It omits to warn that many supplies, including food and fuel, will be curtailed before the attack. And the telephone system will cease to operate, under the Post Office's 'Preference Scheme'. Every telephone in the country is wired at the exchange to a mechanism which places it in preferences grades from 1 to 3. All those in grade 3, and grade 2 as well, may be disconnected at the throw of a few switches.

None of this is expected to happen during this week, however. *Square Leg* is a largely 'paper' exercise. But it does differ from its predecessors in the degree of military movement on the ground. In previous exercises nothing actually moved outside the bunkers. For the last two weeks, however, 6,500 troops have been exercised on Army ranges at Otterburn and Stanford providing 'defence against sabotage, espionage and subversive groups', according to the MoD. The exercises involve maintaining ESRs, guarding Key Points, and 'hunting down and ferreting out' the saboteurs and subversives. These military exercises reached their most intensive phase early this week, before the 'war' started. The major unit involved is the Army's 3500 man 8th Field Force, which has the specific job of operating inside Britain during an emergency.

One aspect of this work is revealed in the restricted 'Police Manual of Home Defence', which gives the police the major task, before an attack, of:

> controlling the movement of subversive or potentially subversive persons,

which is a fairly clear mandate to gaol or do worse to MI5's lovingly prepared list of lefties and other democracy-loving undesirables.

SOME LOCAL AUTHORITY officials are unconvinced of the Home Office's ability to arrange any of the other aspects of a crisis. One told the *New Statesman* that the only information local authorities had received about *Square Leg* was a single letter from the Home Office during 1979. It wasn't until some local authorities started making a fuss that the Home Office arranged, virtually at the last minute, to put civil as well as military teams into the SRHQs and county headquarters so that the local authorities could test out their own plans. At the start of the year, the two top officials in F6 division, which handles Home Defence, were replaced.

The Home Office have now arranged for staffing of the headquarters until next Wednesday. During the last two days, the local authorities and SRHQs will deal with the situation expected 14 days after an attack. Official circulars from *Scrum Half*, which we have obtained, (see box) indicate what roughly is expected to have happened by then. The picture they print is unlikely to reassure anyone that the Home Defence network provides any measure of protection, or much relief. It is primarily, a mechanism for ensuring that the government may go to war or conduct a crisis without public support. The suppression of active or passive dissent is one of the first jobs of the police and military, and that aspect has been exercised already this week. But the job of warning the public about radiation is not being exercised at all. And but for the agitation of local authorities, no civil part of the apparatus would now be being tested either.

After the bomb —1978

Situation at D + 7 days

The overall situation within UK is one of vast desruction, enormous casualties and widespread chaos as must be expected after the arrival of 130 nuclear weapons . . . conditions vary . . . from complete obliteration and no sign of life in the main target areas . . . Over most of the country normal services and public utilities are non existent . . . There has been a great exodus of refugees from all centres of population and this shows no sign of abating. Most main roads are blocked by fleeing pedestrians and traffic. Considerable numbers of refugees are beginning to arrive on the south and east coasts of England and from the Continent . . .

(UK Commanders in Chief Committee briefing)

'Stay put' policy breaking down with great exodus outwards . . . no signs of abating. Evidence of widespread disorder looting murder rape and other lawlessness . . . Food suppliers quickly overrun and emptied. No Regional Broadcast stations heard and public starved of information and guidance.

(Situation Report to local authorities, same date)

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'White gold' — and black consequences

You probably take more sugar than you think: bad for you and worse for others, but it makes some people very rich. HANNAH WRIGHT investigates the political economy of sugar.

Both photos by Lennox Smillie

OUR WISH for sweetness runs old and strong. Bitter experience perhaps taught primitive man that sweet things were mostly safe to eat — but the instinct which preserved him in the jungle is slowly killing his modern descendants.

As nations grow more industrially complex, their peoples can indulge in refined sugars (sucrose and glucose) where once they were restricted to the naturally-occurring sugars in milk, fruit and vegetables. Sugar consumption rising to a saturation point of about 60 kilos per person per year — or 5.75 heaped tablespoons daily — is a sure index of increasing industrialisation, tooth decay, diabetes, appendicitis, diverticular disease, ulcers, gallstones, piles, varicose veins and coronary heart disease.

And the process makes some of us extremely rich. In between the thin black nations who produce the world's cane sugar, and the fat white nations who enjoy its lethality, are the refiners, traders, speculators, governments, food manufacturers and advertisers who studiously ignore the consequences inflicted upon producing nations and consuming individuals. It is a substance as political as oil, and has been as influential over the years in determining the shape of the world we live in.

It is as seductive to eye and tongue whether scattered on beaded raspberries, concealed voluptuously in meringue, or dissolved in ice-cream's softness. Those who avoid its obvious manifestation in hot drinks (drinking-chocolate powder is 73.8 per cent sugar), fizzy drinks (Coca-Cola: 10.5 per cent sugar), chocolate biscuits (up to 38.2 per cent) and sugar-coated breakfast cereals (45.6 per cent), may be ensnared by packet muesli (26 per cent), tomato ketchup (22.9 per cent), fruit yogurt (10 per cent) or a glass of port (12 per cent). 'All-Bran' is really 12 per cent sugar.

Until the turn of the century sugar, for most of the world, was a condiment to be sprinkled sparingly. Since then, world consumption has risen by more than a million tons a year: supposedly savoury foods like canned vegetables, TV dinners, baby food, and — yes — special slimming foods all have added sugar. Nostalgic for the primitive past, our tastebuds steadily confuse sweetness with goodness.

But our seminal sweet tooth is not the only reason food manufacturers use sugar so freely. It is a bulking agent, allowing more air to be trapped in tenderly-skinned bubbles within cakes and puddings. It is anti-coagulant: it provides colouring and preservative in jams, pickles and confectionery. It gives 'crunch' to biscuits and a desirable viscosity, or 'mouth-feel', to fruit and fizzy drinks (to the diabetic's distress, even Schweppes Slim-line now have 1.5 per cent sugar). The chief patissier, deprived of latticework icing kept in place with tiny scrolls, deprived of glazed tarts, brulee-toppings and caramel-dipped eclair balls swathed in spun sugar, would hurl himself under the wheels of his own pudding-trolley.

The crystals which so beguile us are pure sucrose, a compound ($C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$) which can be extracted from any vegetable matter, including grass. Sugarcane, the best source of sucrose, is an enormous grass — sugar-beet, which may be as rich or richer in sucrose, yields far less per acre.

Tony Hancock and George Parker both grow sugar. Hancock grows it in rotation with barley to 'put the land in good heart': he is a large, pleasant Englishman who bought a north Norfolk farm with his RAF discharge money, and now lives in floral Georgian comfort. ('Try some of this sparkling stuff. Might help me get talking.') His 65 acres of sugar is harvested by two men in November.

Parker grows sugar only, regiment on regiment of seven-foot canes rippling into the distance. He is estate chairman of a co-operative: a thin, black Jamaican, with red turban, gold tooth and white beard. He began as a cane-cutter, hired daily for 12½ pence on a United Fruit Company estate: no contract, no sick-pay, no union. Now, managing 400 acres of cane, he lives in a pill-box house on a parched, hillside estate called Lime Grove.

Nearly all the world's 450-million-ton cane-crop is cut by a man with a knife, and often cut green because the juice's sucrose content comes out higher. In Jamaica, and other unionised countries, it is burnt just before cutting, to remove insects and leaves with cutting edges. Then the 'cane-lice' creep over the blackened fields, 'cutlasses' flashing in the blaring sun as they stoop to cut the sticky poles at ground-level. Jamaica's co-op workers are envied everywhere in the cane-cutting world: they are unsackable, hold political power, and may earn £25 a week during the harvest.

Philippine sugar-workers are scarcely removed from plantation slavery: they earn about £2.50 a week in the harvest (some paid in kind) and attempts at independent unionism have led to imprisonment by provincial military governors. The 'cicadas', or migrant workers, get less, and lack even the off-season security of a serf on a hacienda.

The cane industry was founded on human bondage. The Spanish, first into the Caribbean, worked the weedy Arawaks to death, and then exterminated the fierce Caribs in their greed for 'white gold'. As Spanish power waned the Dutch, the French, and notably the British refined inhumanity further, trading guns for millions of African slaves to stock their new, depopulated colonies with labour.

Travelling conditions were such that 'after three voyages the character of a slaver-captain is completely brutalised' (the words are those of a captain who turned hymn-writer), and the survivors were scarcely able to breed because of malnutrition and over-work — requiring, in turn, further importation of slaves, so that the hideous trade lasted 150 years. 'The profits of our West Indian sugar', wrote Adam Smith, 'are generally much greater than any other cultivation that is known': at 10 per cent yearly, with little tax or inflation, capital doubled within eight years.

From left to right: Lord Walston (Chairman, House of Lords Select Committee on Sugar Policy); Saxon Tate & Lord Jellicoe (Tate & Lyle) and J. M. Beckett (BSC).

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Chris Davies

Far left: typical Jamaican farmers cottages, left Jamaican farmer loads cane onto donkey for transport to factory. Above Tony Hancock in sugar beet field in front of his house. Right: advertisement to persuade mothers that giving their children sweetened milk is a harmless way of getting them to drink healthy milk.

Scarcely any of this wealth remained in the colonies. Much of it went into the English mansions of absentee landlords, such as William Beckford's Fonthill Splendens in Wiltshire, and the Caribbean became a sugar monoculture.

Napoleon answered the British blockade of his ports by launching the French sugar-beet industry, and beet cultivation spread through northern Europe so far as to make most countries self-sufficient in sugar, and make the EEC a net sugar exporter. The organised power of the French agricultural votes ensures that today the opinions of the French sugar-beet lobby affect adversely the smallest Jamaican cane-farmer.

Slavery, eventually, was abolished. But the sugar monoculture, modified somewhat by coffee or bananas or (for the lucky ones) oil and bauxite, remained in force when the West Indian islands gained their independence. The USSR, meanwhile, built up a big, though not self-sufficient sugar-beet industry and India, Australia and Brazil did the same with cane. But tiny Cuba, today, dominates the sugar trade with 26 per cent of the world export market.

TROPICAL CANE or temperate beet, the crop goes to a factory to be extracted, purified and condensed. A thickened juice is boiled in vacuum pans, where the temperature remains below toffee-making level: finally, the molasses is sown with sugar-crystals to give it the right idea, and it turns into a mass of pale-beige crystals.

This is raw sugar, and so far George Parker's canes and Tony Hancock's beets have travelled the same path. But now divergence begins, because in colonial days it was more profitable to refine in Europe, and the old British and French colonies are still unable to refine sugar. Therefore Mr Hancock's beets — sold at national contract price to the monopoly British Sugar Corporation — have only a brief lorry-ride to the plant from which they emerge as Silver Spoon granulated.

Mr Parker's canes are milled to raw sugar at the local factory, then sold to the government agency, which sells most of it to Tate & Lyle. A sugar trader ships it to Britain, where it is treated at one of three seaport refineries before going on sale as Tate & Lyle granulated. As both granulated brands have the same price in the shops, there's no surprise in learning that Mr Hancock should get an average return of £800 per hectare, while Mr Parker's labour-intensive co-op gets about £550 and has trouble covering its costs.

The African, Caribbean and Pacific (ACP) cane producers are not just economically under-developed: they are short on basic schooling. Because of a history of slavery, and a history of back-breaking labour, the cane workers stand on the lowest rung of the socio-economic ladder: neither literate, as a rule, nor aware of the possible relationship between industrialisation and increased wealth. Therefore, exploitation in more or less ugly forms can be practised by governments (as in the Philippines) and by multi-national companies (America's Gulf & Western in Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic; Tate & Lyle in Belize and Zimbabwe; Lonrho in Mauritius, Malawi and South Africa). True attempts to educate cane workers are exceptional: Hilary Robertson, an education officer in the Jamaican Co-Operative Movement, says that the difficulties in the first few years have been so great as to make the level of sanity in the movement amazing.

Almost all modern sugar machinery is made in Europe or America, so that for ACP producers replacements burn up foreign exchange — and during factory 'downtime' the sucrose content of cane drops hourly while it lies in the yard. India has made itself self-sufficient in sugar machinery, and the example has actually been followed by one family-owned Jamaican plantation, Clarke's, whose factory is powered by an amazing old steam-engine. ('We're the only factory on the island without a gas-turbine, but we can replace any part of this engine in our own machine-shop'.) But everyone else relies on foreign machinery, and like most ACP producers are liable to suffer from under-developed port facilities which allow sugar to be ruined by sea-spray as it achieves, finally, the stage of being 'free on board' (FOB).

From this point, the producer nation loses all control and profit. An ACP producer might get £229.52 per tonne from the EEC, but specialty sugars can retail at £680, with the difference providing for foreign refiners, packagers, wholesalers and retailers.

Sugar produced or refined in Britain has its price supported, and more or less fixed by the EEC. A group of British and French ex-colonies are allowed to sell 1.3 million tonnes of 'cane raws' to the EEC (nearly all to Britain) each year, and there are other long-term deals between (for instance) Cuba and the USSR, or Australia and Japan. But most of the export trade — most of it cane — is up for deals.

THE WORLD SUGAR MARKET is a spider-web of advanced communication, with centres in New York, Paris and London: through it, the Indian government will try to get a good return for its surplus, a chocolate manufacturer will try to price sugar for 1981's Easter eggs, or a Nigerian dealer will look for 100 tons of refined sugar. London is the biggest centre, and deals which cover some 36 million tons a year pass through it: telex, telephone and closed-circuit television bring the ends of the earth together, so that, figuratively-speaking, the Indians, the Nigerian and the Easter-egg maker stand on different sides of a small, modernised hall in the Corn Exchange, Mark Lane. This is the Terminal (or Futures) Market for sugar where, surrounded by sophisticated equipment, the young men of the sugar-broking firms complete their worldwide deals by the crudest possible means of communication: standing in a crowd and yelling.

There are 35 named members of the London Terminal Sugar Market, who must be EEC citizens and ultimately responsible for the money bid in the 'open outcry'. Alan Laughlin, one of the small group which fixes the daily sugar price, says that if contracts could not be completed *eventually* by the delivery of real sugar, then the gaming laws would be breached: nonetheless, the real business of the futures market is in agreements to buy and sell sugar, not in sugar itself. Thus

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selling at today's price can invest in next year's crop, and the Easter- s can go out in good time to ers. This is called 'hedging', and is the sugar-trading that you tell the vicar

t only seven or eight million tons of *real* ar is traded annually through London, out 36 million tons of trading. Most of the narket's activity is a complex game, in which the players may be brokers wearing their traders' hats, traders, refiners or simple speculators, and the counters are contracts for the purchase and sale of sugar at various prices and times. Some of the moves are 'straddles' (buying and selling in two different months at the same time), 'arbitrage' (fancy footwork done in New York and London simultaneously) and options of numerous kinds.

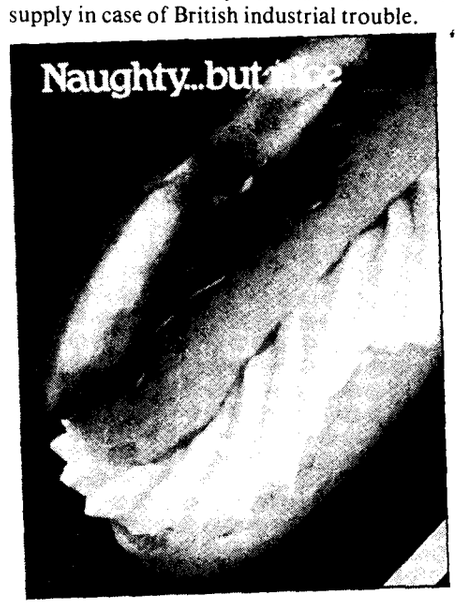
If a player not only trades in sugar, but also grows it, ships it and refines it, then his prospects in the game are considerably enhanced. In 1979 the Tate & Lyle group made 52.2 per cent of their profit trading in sugar and molasses. Martin Frizell, their publicity man, says they got all of this from tiny percentages made in grading for third parties, and that it wasn't their policy to speculate. But a Tate's middle-manager told me bluntly that the company speculated when convenient, safe in the knowledge that the market does not record the origin of a bid.

By the time real sugar has travelled from, say, India to its destination, contracts for its sales may have changed hands five or six times, to the benefit of market operators unconnected with either place. India, though poor, is a fairly powerful country, but the small cane-producers whose sugar production is a relic of slavery — and whose educated middle-classes have largely emigrated — have neither the money nor the sophisticated manpower to play the market profitably. In Jamaica the responsibility for selling the all-important sugar crop of about $100 million rests with Miss Andree Nembhard, an intelligent young Jamaican who needs 15 years' experience to be a match for the metropolitan traders.

Drought, hurricane and lesser natural disasters all add unpredictably to the problems of cane production, leading to sharp price fluctuations which work in favour of the big operators. Tate's chairman, Lord Jellicoe, regrets, in the latest annual report, that 'the world sugar market is traded in a relatively narrow range and opportunities to make profits were consequently reduced'. But he adds that 'the recent fluctuations of sugar traded annually should give us more scope' — and such indeed is the case. Between September 1979 and March 1980 Tate's commodity-trading profits were already £15 million.

The cane-producing nations have made several attempts to smooth out the price-fluctuations which can wreck small growers: the latest International Sugar Agreement (January '78) tries to stabilise world prices between 11 and 22 cents per pound. All sugar producers have ratified this agreement except — critically — the EEC, which refuses because of a wish to keep the French and German beet lobbies sweet. In 1979 EEC taxpayers gave £350 million by way of subsidising beet sugar to be sold cheap on the world market, while ACP countries tried to stiffen the price by holding back exports. 'The Community's policy towards other sugar producers appears to be one of selfishness and cynicism, which acts against the Community's long-term interests', said the House of Lords Select Committee on Sugar Policy in April.

The British market is a battleground between Tate & Lyle, refining cane-sugar, and the British Sugar Corporation, refining domestic beet: with the ACP producers and the EEC holding their coats. Last year, the Government, which owns 26½ per cent of BSC, encouraged them to expand, while European producers are selling-in cheap in order to establish a market — biscuit makers and others are attracted by alternative sources of supply in case of British industrial trouble.



Will your mouth water more when your teeth fall out?

Tate's, whose profit-margin is perhaps one-quarter of BSC's, have probably slipped below 50 per cent of the market: their prospects, however, have been brightened by the Lords' committee's forthright pro-ACP stance, and by the take-over bid for BSC which was launched in May by the highly efficient commodity-traders Berisford's. If the bid survives the Monopolies Commission, then the ex-slave colonies might derive some benefit from the workings of capitalism — though as usual, the politics of the sugar trade look a little odd to outsiders. Special adviser to the Lords committee, whose report was so favourable to Tate & Lyle, was Mr Simon Harris of Berisford's, whose intention is now to acquire the enhanced concern.

MEANWHILE, what is the effect on British health of consuming the end-products of this curious politico-economic machine — 11½oz of packet sugar per head per week, plus 8oz of chocolates and confectionery and 9oz of sucrose and glucose in various drinks? Perfectly lousy.

As John Yudkin wrote in *Pure, White and Deadly*

> There are two undeniable facts about sugar:
> 1. There is no physiological requirement for sugar;
> 2. If only a small fraction of what is already known about sugar were to be revealed in relation to any other material used as a food additive, that material would be promptly banned.

Many people who rightly believe that brown rice and brown flour are better than white extend the same idea, erroneously, to sugar, especially with 'raw cane' on the label. There is no measurable difference of effect within the body — which is highly unattractive as described in Surgeon-Captain P.L. Cleave's *The Saccharine Disease.*

All over-refined foods can be over-consumed, because they occupy less room in the gut, and sugar is the most refined and concentrated of all. The average daily intake of refined sugar is equivalent to two pounds of solid sugar-beet: imagine trying to add that to your other food. Over 20-40 years, Cleave argues, the digestive and circulatory systems are strained by such over-consumption, whereupon the Saccharine Disease can manifest itself as: constipation, diverticular disease, piles, varicose veins, appendicitis, dental caries, gum disease, mature-onset diabetes, obesity, coronary thrombosis, primary E-coli infection, urinary infections, gallstones, peptic ulcers, eczema, acne and causal contributions to bowel cancer.

Some nutrition-oriented doctors would add breast cancer and certain mental disturbances to the list. Others think Cleave neglected lack of exercise and high animal-fat consumption. None doubt that Cleave has got hold of the right end of the stick.

The British Sugar Bureau, nonetheless, gets away with a startling barrage of disinformation, as in its freely-distributed 'basic nutrition' film *Take One Baby* ('very popular with middle schools, technical schools, and' — saints preserve us —' in the training of junior nurses'.)

This is full of artful deceptions, such as 'insects, animals and humans all use sugar as their body fuel', with the suggestion that refined sugar is a 'practical' source of this supply. Along with this go parents' leaflets, another film, and a study kit, all rich with disinformation, summed up in one disgraceful lie: 'Sugar is an important part of a balanced diet'.

ADVERTISING MASSIVELY reinforces the message. Out of 31 food and drink ads monitored during a weekday afternoon, 19 were for heavily-sugared products, and on Saturday afternoon it was 12 out of 14.[1] In 1979 £59.89 million was spent in press and TV advertising for biscuits, cereals, convenience desserts, chocolates, chewing gum, ice-cream, lollipops, preserves, sweet toppings, yogurt, sugar confectionery, and just sugar.[2]

And the confectionery industry still tries to suggest in their booklet on tooth decay that the role of sugar is a subject of hot controversy — while spending heavily on research for vaccines against tooth decay. There is actually no doubt about this argument, or about the mechanism involved: plaque, a mixture of bacteria and saliva-proteins, forms anyway on teeth. Sugar provides the bacteria with food, which they turn into acid: pinned by plaque against tooth-enamel, this causes corrosion. Each sugar-intake produces acid-deposits for about 12 minutes, meaning that two packs of Polos sucked during the day will give five-and-a-half hours acid exposure.

Dentists know all this very well, and their children have one-ninth as many cavities a others. (They either ban all sweet consump tion, or keep it to one weekly 'blitz' witl thorough brushing to follow.) The unhapp truth is that a preventive campaign finance on a scale commensurate with sugar advertis ing would almost put the profession out of job. Before sugar became cheap and readil available, tooth-damage was chiefly due t

1. Source, Ruth Parish. 2. Source, Media Exper diture Analysis Ltd (MEAL)

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fracture: around 1830, perhaps 3 per cent, of British teeth were decayed, and by 1957 a survey of NHS patients found 48.5 per cent out of 1014 teeth were decayed.

Against this background, the DHSS pamphlet *Eating for Health,* which remarks that 'sweet food may help a child to develop a sweet tooth, and perhaps eventually to lose his teeth due to dental caries' is hardly a weighty or precise blow in favour of health education. Sugar is not as fattening as fat, but it is addictive, because soon after consuming a quantity of sucrose, blood-sugar levels rise, giving a feeling of energy. It then drops rapidly — the greater the dose, the bigger the drop — leaving a feeling of faintness, and a craving for more sugar.

Easily, a cycle sets in which leads to obesity: Dr D. Cradock, author of *Obesity and Its Management,* considers that most women over 30 are at least 10 per cent overweight. (Divide your weight in kilos by the square of your height: the answer should be 21. If it's 27 or more, you are overweight.)

John Yudkin suggests that a safe sugar intake would be about 1¾oz per day — safe, not recommended. No-one recommends sugar, except (as in Bentick's 'Sporting and Military' chocolate) as an easily transportable form of energy in Everest climbs.

Imagine, however, an ordinary Mum trying to bring her children up on minimal sugar: starting with the problem that baby medicines come in syrup, and with nothing but the DHSS's mild remarks to help her deal with the advertising barrage and the stack of candy-bars at the supermarket check-out. Dentists, doctors and governmental officials, whose own better food habits are reinforced daily by statistics and observation, can talk easily about her lack of 'free will', but the truth is that you might as well put her in a mud hut and tell her to keep her children in Persil-white clothes.

Professionals can thus exclude from consideration their own responsibility to act as a force for change. As Dr Aubrey Sheihan said recently at a dental conference in Tokyo: 'Health education is neither politically nor economically neutral'. But the point is certainly not a simple one. Think what would happen if the EEC — one of the most important economic forces in the world — were to launch a substantial campaign aimed at reducing its population's sugar consumption to a safe minimum. To the many dentists who would soon be unemployed would be joined thousands of sugar and confectionery workers on the dole queue. Many of the 250,000 'points of sale' would go out of business. Cane-producing co-operatives in the ACP countries would be in great difficulty. The French government would fall: it is because the consequencs of intervention appear so catastrophic that Mum is left to battle on alone, and take the blame when she fails.

BUT PRESENT POLICY damages consumers without seriously helping producers. Those who benefit substantially are many millions fewer, but they are politically organised and economically important. So the need is for the problems of a Third World to be related to the cost of the saccharine disease in the West: for it to become a matter of parliamentary debate, of departmental and community discussion. Once people realise that their own rotten teeth, obesity and constipation are due only partly to their own lack of will — and in good part due to lack of governmental will — then there might be some hope for a sugar policy which would enable the Third World to help itself without poisoning the rest of us.

Eventually, we can look forward to the day when fossil hydrocarbons run out, to be replaced — admittedly after much research effort — by 'gasohol' and sugar-based plastics, which will not run out. Then cane producers may become the new Arabs, and sugar, fetching a high price as fuel and industrial feedstock, will be able to return to its proper place in the human diet as a source of temporary energy for emergencies, and as a condiment for undamaging pleasures.

RESEARCH FOOTNOTE: A confectionery manufacturer's survey has discovered that only one person in 24 eats a jelly-baby from the feet up.

TURKEY

Christopher Hitchens

Turkey's generals are the disease not the cure

The myth of the 'neutral' army

THE NEW REGIME of General Kenan Evren — who first threatened his takeover last January — has had an excellent press from all those who specialise in distinguishing 'moderate' from 'unacceptable' military juntas. The State Department affected surprise and feigned cautious approval, even though the pre-coup military moves had been covered by a NATO exercise which commenced in Thrace the day before. The Turkish air force commander, General Tahsin Sahinkaya, had been in Washington since 3 September, in constant touch with his opposite numbers on the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In any case, under the terms of the US-Turkish defence pact (the text of which appeared in the *New Statesman* of 20 June), Turkish military communciations use NATO channels which are relayed and monitored by American military personnel. All intelligence on 'unusual' troop movements is automatically referred to the National Security Agency and to the Pentagon.

So much for the element of surprise. On the other hand, there is a sense in which the coup makes less difference than it did in, say, Greece. The Turkish armed forces already had a very large and direct influence on the Turkish political system. As the largest army, numerically speaking, in NATO, it had a loud voice in foreign and domestic policy. On Cyprus and on Kurdistan its word was law, and Turks who dissented from the chauvinistic line on these two issues were routinely repressed. (The newspaper *Aydinlik* has already been closed down by the military authorities in Ankara this week. Its editorial line was strongly against the occupation of Cyprus, and strongly in favour of Kurdish rights. Its suppression indicates that the army intends to do rather more than 'hold the ring'.)

In addition, the Turkish army had a unique place in the economy. As well as absorbing a good deal of rural unemployment, it also had a direct stake in the capitalist structure. The Armed Forces Mutual Fund (OYAK) has assets of nearly £100m and is the third largest conglomerate in the country. Large slices of the Goodyear and International Harvester plants, for instance, belong to it. It is financed by a ten per cent levy on the pay of the 80,000 strong officer corps and extends through cement, property, petrol and manufacturing to provide rich returns for the 'shareholders'. This Latin American arrangement goes some way to justify the view, widely celebrated in the Western liberal press, that the Turkish army is 'different'.

The armed forces claim to be even-handed between left and right, and to be the impartial guardians of the nation. This implies that there will be parity of treatment for the neo-fascist gangs, the Kurdish insurgents, the ultra-leftist guerrillas, the banned Communist Party, the leftist trade unions, and the deposed political party leaders. How believable is such a claim? Again, the suspension of *Aydinlik* is significant. The newspaper had made a successful campaign out of exposing the links between fascist terrorism and certain military circles. It is no coincidence that Colonel Alparslan Turkes, leader of the National Action Party and a man with a long record of pro-Nazi and pan-Turkish chauvinist activity, should have been a senior figure in the 1960 military coup. His Cypriot origins also give him a special place in the pantheon of ultra-nationalism; as well as laying claim to the whole of Cyprus Turkes's party dreams of recovering lost Turkish territory as far away as China.

The American military review *Armed Forces Journal International* has just (June 1980) published an extremely pessimistic summary of Turkey's chances. The list of symptoms is extremely alarming, and can be put briefly.

- Turkey's foreign debt has risen from $2.8 billion in 1973 to $17.5 billion in 1980. The cost of servicing it is a matter of dispute, but it is probably not less than $2 billion per year. Growth of GNP has fallen from 8 per cent in 1975 to 1.7 per cent last year.
- The annual inflation rate has jumped from 10 per cent in 1975 to 85 per cent last year, and nearly 100 per cent in 1980. The Turkish lira has devalued from 14 to the dollar to 70.
- The balance of payments deficit has risen from $86 million in 1970 to $3.5 billion in 1978. Since 1978, Turkey has received more than $11 billion in refinancing and credit, with no measurable improvement as a result.
- Unemployment is at a minimum of 25 per cent. This figure is understated by the growth of population, and by the large number of women and young people who escape the statistics (but who swell the ranks of the paramilitary organisations).
- The best interpretation of the available figures show that Turkish industry is operating at 30-35 per cent of capacity.
- Inflation and shortage have combined to deprive the market even of Turkish coffee. Commodities such as light bulbs and medicine have become luxury items.
- Eighty per cent of Turkish oil is imported, and the country can't pay the bills.
- The number of employed Turkish migrants has fallen by nearly 25 per cent.

The *Armed Forces Journal International* went on to point out the complicity of the Turkish army in much of this corruption and deca They emphasised the army's role (though t'

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didn't mention OYAK) in pressing for expansion in the inefficient state-run defence industries. They described the Turkish army as:

> Not a cure to Turkish democracy, but a major part of the disease. If the Army were to take over in Turkey, it would almost certainly mean more efforts to shore up state industries, greater use of Turkey's dying credit to import military equipment, and still greater efforts to support Turkey's *inflated and unaffordable force structure.* (italics added)

This assessment was written by one 'Justin Galen', the pseudonym of a former senior Defence Department official, who went on to express the opinion that 'the army can still play a major stabilising role — *as long as it stays out of power*'. This ramshackle pseudo-Ataturkist organisation now has the responsibility for a country riven by class, by religion, by racial and linguistic minorities as well as by the appalling economic conditions detailed above. It will just not be possible, as the wishful editorials would have us believe, to impose a state of suspended animation on such a battlefield. The likeliest outcome, and the one most desired by the Right who have worked for this moment, is a regime which cracks down hard on the Kurds and the Shia Muslims and the Left, while shamming impartiality and permitting fascist infiltration of the state to go on apace.

PRISONS

Let half of them out

The severe over-crowding in Britain's prisons is often used as an argument for more spending on prisons and their warders. But in an exclusive interview with JUDITH COOK the Governor of one prison provided detailed new evidence suggesting that half the prison's inmates should not be there at all.

ROGER ATTRILL is Governor of Winson Green Prison, Birmingham. His prison is grossly overcrowded, accommodating 1045 men in a building designed for 597. His prisoners range from terrorists and vicious and violent professional criminals to minor fine defaulters and drunks. Attrill has carried out a detailed analysis of the men who passed through his hands in 1979-80 and this shows that half of them should never have been in prison at all.

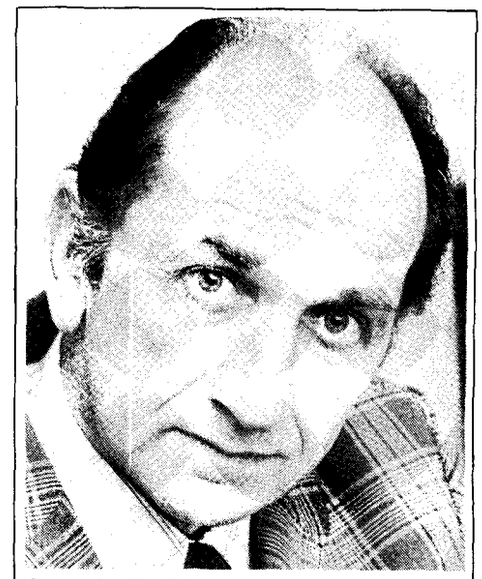
In Attrill's view the following people should not be in his prison:

- Deportees who arrive in this country without all the correct papers or whom the immigration authorities have picked up as being 'unlawfuls'. 'The Immigration Department commit them to custody here,' he explains 'when they have committed so far as we know, *no offence of any kind whatsoever*;'
- Maintenance cases — who either by choice or through lack of means cannot fulfil their obligations to their families and are sent by the county courts;
- Drunks — who often, says Attrill, turn up deliberately, especially over Christmas, to dry out, be deloused, get a clean suit and a square meal;
- Drug addicts — some of whom come in to be weaned off drugs as they are so expensive, or to be made to cut down so that it will not cost them so much when they get out;
- Patients from psychiatric units who end up in Winson Green because they have absconded from mental hospitals and the consultants will not take them back due to lack of accommodation;
- 'Social cripples and inadequates' — those people whom Attrill describes as just not possessing the social skills for living, the damaged personalities, wife bashers, people who should be in the net of the social services departments.

'Prison', says Attrill, 'is the ever available carpet under which society's dirt is swept. The prison wall not only keeps in the prisoner but conveniently hides from public view the dross and casualties that current society has, itself, manufactured'.

ATTRILL'S COMPUTER analysis studied the 4,093 people who had passed through his prison between the beginning of July 1979 and the end of June 1980. Of these 2,071 — 50.6 per cent — were identified as unsuitable. Table 2 shows the lengths of sentence and the number of previous convictions and custodial sentences for these people. As this shows over 1,000 inmatges had no or only one previous sentence. Those with the most previous convictions and custodial sentences were in prison for offences such as drunkeness and vagrancy and, as Attrill drily put it 'prison therefore can hardly be said to have worked. What would we think of a doctor who kept on prescribing the same medicine for a patient who never got any better?'.

Attrill emphasises that he is not criticising the judiciary but feels that society's attitude to sentencing bears examination. In particular he thinks courts should examine whether or not prison is the most suitable 'ultimate sanction' against an offender. Often, of course, a Bench has no alternative but to send someone to prison even for a trivial offence. The law would have to be changed to give maintenance and social security offenders an alternative. Government spending would have to be increased to provide secure hospitals for the mentally ill, hostels for alcoholics and local authority social services for the casualties that currently end up in prison. But, as Attrill says 'It is absolute economic nonsense to put a man inside for fourteen days for not paying a £50 fine when it costs £240 a week to keep him there. This is compounded by the fact that shortage of resources and work facilities mean he is fed, clothed, locked up for 14 days and probably spends them lying in his cell doing nothing. If it is not possible for him to work off his fine by community work then we should be told why.'



Roger Attrill: 'Prison is an effective deterrent only to those who walk past the gate, not through it.'

1 Britain: top of the league

Country	Prison population per 100,000 of general population
UK	80
Federal Germany	67.1
Luxembourg	56
France	39.4
Denmark	34.8
Ireland	32
Belgium	31.7
Italy	21.8
Holland	13.4

Source: Howard League for Penal Reform, from information supplied by the Home Office. Figures up to July 1980.

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2 Profile of the 'unsuitable prisoner'

Roger Attrill, Governor of Winson Green prison, Birmingham, identified 2071 of the 4093 prisoners who served sentences between July 1979 and June 1980 as 'unsuitable for prison'. (see text).

Sentence	No. of men sentenced
1 week or less	360
1-2 weeks	275
2-3 weeks	90
3 weeks to 30 days	392
1-2 months	348
2-3 months	276
3-6 months	319
Indeterminate	11
	2071
Number of previous convictions	
None	224
1-5	672
6-10	422
11-20	403
21-30	130
Over 30	202
Unknown	18
Number of previous custodial sentences	
None	746
One	325
2-5	573
5-10	193
11-20	93
Over 20	124
Not known	17

Winson Green Prison

Camera Press

Such overcrowding puts prisons under immense difficulties. Attrill explained that there is supposed to be a rule that no man should have to share a cell involuntarily and that men should be out of their cell between 7 a.m. and 9 p.m. They should, during this time, be involved in educational programmes, gymnastics, work and keeping the essential services of the prison going. As a result of staff shortages the reality is all too different. 'Imagine', Attrill says, 'being locked up 20 hours a day with someone you can't stand with all the disadvantages, lack of privacy, no integral sanitation, only one bath a week, the consequent abrasiveness and friction projected on to each other and the prison staff.'

The result of Britain's sentencing policies is that it has the highest prison population in Europe, with 44,000 prisoners crammed into the space for just over 38,500. (See Table 1) Holland has the lowest relative prison population because, according to the Howard League, it has weaned out of the prison system those categories which Roger Attrill describes as unsuitable. Holland also makes considerable use of the suspended sentence, even for those convicted of some criminal offences. The same applies in Germany where sentences are considerably shorter (apart from terrorists) than they were, say, ten years ago. Many prisoners are allowed 2 to 21 days outside.

In Attrill's view Britain should have a penal policy as humanitarian as existing resources allow. Some people find loss of liberty itself a torture and risk being damaged by it forever. Others feel nothing. Attrill says:

> But what kind of retribution should we look for? Should it deter, if so how? Prison is an effective deterrent only to those who walk past the gate, not through it. I balk at special harsh regimes designed as a deterrent. Most officers are husbands and fathers. To force them to operate such a system is morally and ethically wrong — to make a man earn his bread and butter by the implementation of a regime painful to himself and his charges — who is to say what effect it would have on his family?

If the prison population was composed of those who really did have to be there and prison officers did not have to be psychiatric nurses and social workers Attrill feels the prison service would be of better value to the community. 'It would then be possible for all those for whom any form of treatment would be beneficial to have it. It would be expensive but not as expensive as what we have now.'

Paul Gordon

A new threat to the freedom to demonstrate

The Scottish Office, virtually unnoticed — even by the Scottish press, — has published proposals which would seriously restrict the freedom to demonstrate in Scotland and which, like the Criminal Justice Bill, could all too easily become a precedent for the rest of Britain. The proposals are contained in a draft Civic Government Bill which would replace local legislation due to lapse in 1982. They would require advance notice of any march or procession including the date, time, route, stewarding arrangements and an estimate of the numbers expected. Although no time is specified, the giving of less than seven days notice would permit the local authority to prohibit the march on the grounds that there was insufficient time to consider the matter.

The bill would give local councils power, after consultation with the police, to impose conditions on marches, for example, altering the time, date, route or duration or prohibiting entry to any public place — or prohibiting the march altogether. No criteria of a public order or any other nature for imposing such conditions or for imposing a ban are specified. It is difficult to see how this can improve the current position where nearly all local authorities have virtually unlimited powers to ban demonstrations they happen not to like. Inverness District Council, for example, banned a parade by the Orange Order saying that such a procession was 'contrary to the highland way of life' and in the borders a march by anti-apartheid supporters was banned even after the police had asked that permission be granted.

While the draft bill provides for appeal to the sheriff — who could uphold an appeal on grounds of an error in law, incorrectness of fact or the unreasonable exercise of discretion — the proposals would create a number of offences. It would not only be an offence for an organiser to fail to give notice or to ignore conditions but it would also be an offence for anyone to take part in a march for which no notice had been given or to participate in a march which contravened an order or deviated from the details given in the original notice.

Clarification and codification of the present confusing position on demonstrations is long overdue (at present there are at least six sources of local legislation) but the draft bill not only opts for a highest common factor approach but ignores the experience of Glasgow, the scene of the most, and the largest demonstrations, where no provisions other than those of UK legislation and common law have been found necessary.

THE RELIGION OF TRUTH

Truth is that which is. Our being aware more fully of this reality is a matter of the development of the relevant but normally dormant faculties. We can know much more about the inner and spiritual realms of nature than is generally realised. The religion of truth is a matter of direct experience rather than adherence to dogma and belief.

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London Diary

☐Teeth are gnashing here this week. Sir James Goldsmith, in a foam-flecked appearance on *The Editors* named Paul Foot, Tariq Ali, 'Hitchin and that fellow Hird' as revolutionaries, seeking through the *Statesman* to ruin CAWHKI (civilisation as we have known it). Now, the fact is that Foot and Ali, though well-meaning fellows, are mere freelance contributors — the idle Foot having scarcely sent us an incendiary word in 18 months. True, Christopher Hird is deputy editor and Christopher Hitchens is on the staff, and all of us respect their depredations against CAWHKI. But what about Anna Coote, identified even by the cautious Paul Johnson as a menace to society? What about Patrick Wintour, sticking midnight pins into Frank Chapple dolls, or the brutal Wheen, who remorselessly denounced his own public school? Peter Kellner, it is true, has only just joined the staff, but he has been denigrating capitalism for some time in the *NS*. Modesty forbids mention of my own case, but responsible bodies like MI5 have taken endless pains to distribute accounts of Duncan Campbell's assault on everything Sir James stands for.

Phoned with a request for explanation, Goldsmith told me he had only quoted from manifestoes issued by 'the SWP, that outfit Paul Foot put together, and the — whatsit — the IMG' in order to prove the *NS* was 'an honest paper of the extreme left'. Presumably, he meant the Socialist Workers' Party and the International Marxist Group, though his grasp of left cosmology seemed too eccentric to be remedied in a phone call — as did the logic seeking to demonstrate our 'extremism' (not honesty, etc) by reference to manifestoes issued by movements adhered to by contributors (though not, as it happens, by any of us).

Would he care to acknowledge *Now!* as a paper of the extreme right? 'Well, not the *extreme* right. Perhaps the extreme *libertarian* right.' Libertarian? What about Sir James' own defence of Chile in this week's *Now!* (floating, apparently, the idea that because there has been a fearful death-toll since the Sandinistas overthrew the Nicaraguan tyranny, it's okay for Pinochet's lot — the assassins of a democracy — to torture the odd person)? Well, he wasn't really defending Chile, just saying that the anti-Chile case was propaganda. 'Of course', he added, 'propaganda usually has a kernel of truth'.

Journalism, actually, consists in teasing out the kernels, but I doubt Sir James appreciates this (the one shrivelled kernel amid his recent nuts consists in Christopher Hitchens' one-time membership of International Socialism, predecessor of the SWP). We have invited him round for a free, instructional lunch, and will keep you posted on the outcome.

☐You perhaps imagine that Thatcher has turned the political clock back 200 years. Actually, the correct figure is 2,000 years.

One of our greatest books is R. G. Collingwood's *Roman Britain*, the first volume of Oxford History. Lately, when re-reading its opening, I have been nagged by something — I now see — should not quite be call-sense of *déjà vu*. 'The country of Britain is divided by nature into two parts, each with a character of its own . . . The north and west are formed by an ancient mountain-chain, worn down by ages of erosion . . . Leaning up against the eastern edge of this highland zone . . . lies a plain composed of softer and newer rocks.' The Romans, Collingwood explains, collared the 'richer, more comfortable and more prosperous' lowland zone, eschewing the 'harder and poorer life of the highland.' The boundary

> may be represented by a line beginning at Seaton, on the Devonshire coast, and running north to the Bristol Channel, with an outlier of highland-zone character in the Mendips; recommencing at the head of the Bristol Channel and skirting the Forest of Dean and the Malvern hills to the Wrekin, and thence bending westward and northward by Shrewsbury, Oswestry and Wrexham to the estuary of the Dee'; beginning again near Lancaster and passing round the edge of the Pennines by way of Manchester, Derby and Sheffield until it reaches the sea near the mouth of the Tees.

Once traced against the constituency map in the current *Times* guide to the Commons, the connection became plain. Barring certain oddments like my own bit of London, Thatcher's Britain is Roman Britain. The only significant difference compared to AD100 is that Toryism has oozed past its natural borders into Wales and the West.

If we believe one of Collingwood's thematic points — which is that many of the 'new products' given by Britain to European culture actually arose in the old, resistant zone, 'the home . . . of Locke, Berkeley and Hume, of Trevithick, Watt and Stephenson' — then further expansion by the Emperor Margaret would be serious indeed. Some reassurance, however, may be found, even though Wales and the West have weakened. In Roman times, Collingwood observes, they were never big enough to hold out untouched. But 'the Pennine-Scottish region was never conquered in its entirety at all; such a conquest was . . . projected, but soon abandoned.' In today's electoral terms, the Pennine-Scottish region still resists Thatcher as solidly as it once resisted the Caesars.

☐In the dim days before the Great Times Lockout, my colleagues Christopher Hird and Patrick Wintour suggested that the Thomson group's war-aims were as obscure as those of a 1914-8 Cabinet. Especially it was unclear — in spite of much trumpeting — whether new technology mattered to them or not. Naturally, this was put down as malicious lefty scribbling: Duke Hussey, chief executive of Times Newspapers, refused to meet me on TV, etc.

I've just seen a proof-copy of *Stop Press*, the official history produced by Eric Jacobs of the *Sunday Times*. Dealing with the countdown to the lockout at end-November 1978, he writes that two weeks before the September board meeting of Times Newspapers, one director (Michael Mander) asked Hussey: 'Is new technology included in 30 November or not?' Then he quotes a plaintive memo addressed to Hussey on 1 November by Gordon Brunton, the Thomson UK chairman:

> What are the real objectives that you are seeking to achieve? What I am not clear about is whether one of the conditions also relates to the introduction of new technology . . . this may be a 'grey area' in the thinking of you and your colleagues.

Not just an 'area'. 'Thinking' mightn't be the word, but whatever it was it was grey the whole way through.

☐Ashridge Management College have conceived the idea of doing a bit of research into staff canteens and catering — can the workers actually eat the food; have the management ever tried to eat it, and so on. This could be a useful inquiry, because I've certainly come across plenty of British firms where there's an agreeable executive dining-room on the top floor, and a troglodyte cavern far below where the work-force gnaws hopelessly upon sausages half as old as Time — and there must be a connection with industrial failure. However, it emerges that a substantial part of the fact-gathering process will consist of an 'informal workshop', followed by lunch, at Quaglino's restaurant in St James's. I rang up and tried to suggest that the gathering would benefit from the attendance of the *Statesman*'s culinary expert Hannah Wright, but rather as I expected the organisers took fright. Ms Wright's presence might . . . well, inhibit the free and frank exchange. ('Did you hear the one about the shop-steward who sat on the bacon-slicer?'). Next: 'Hypothermia' — an informal workshop to be held at the Hotel Negresco, Nice.

☐The late William, Baron Armstrong of Sanderstead, was as nice a man as you could expect to meet in a day's march, and I don't suppose any one person did more harm to the country over the past 30 years than he did. The decisive financial panic of July '66, the assassination of the Department of Economic Affairs, the frustrating of civil-service reform, the orchestration of the 1973-4 National Crisis — all bore the stamp of his genius, and he was properly rewarded with a retirement job as boss of the Midland Bank. His memorial service at St Margaret's, Westminster this week surely was a benchmark among Establishment send-offs: out of some 280 persons present there were not less than 104 titles of Knight Bachelor and above. According to the *Times*, there were readings from Eliot's *Four Quartets*: if so, it must have been a sobering moment for the audience when they got to the middle bit of *East Coker*.

> The captains, merchant bankers, eminent men of letters.
> The generous patrons of art, the statesmen and the rulers,
> Distinguished civil servants, chairmen of many committees,
> Industrial lords and petty contractors, all go into the dark . . .
> And dark the Sun and Moon, and the Almanach de Gotha
> And the Stock Exchange Gazette, the Directory of Directors . . .

Much safer, really, to stick to Hymns A&M and the prayer Book.

Bruce Page

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Increased demand for dog biscuits is creating an extra 25 jobs at a factory in Spalding, Lincs, where a spokesman said: 'People will look after their dogs, even if it means going short themselves.' — *Sunday Telegraph* (Russell Holmes)

We appeal to your readers to write to their MPs and to send any donations to 'Aid to Polish Workers, c/o Count Edward Raczynski, 43 Eaton Place, London SW1.' — Letter in *Guardian* (Ian Wilson)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The rally that never was

From James MacGibbon (Chairman, Devon & Cornwall Association for Racial Equality)

It was a refreshing change to read Judith Cook's account *(NS* 22 August) of how the Chief Constable of Devon and Cornwall so ably coped with the NF demonstration in Plymouth at the time of the 1979 General Election. In the hall where John Tyndall was to have addressed the NF meeting John Alderson's force behaved with even more sophisticated tactics than was suggested: the counter-demonstration (not by any means solely Anti-Nazi League members — Plymouth Tech Union and many individuals all played a part) arrived at the hall about half an hour before the meeting was due to begin and virtually filled it. As there was no more room for NF supporters the police (several dozen men and women) closed the doors. There was a mild rumpus outside, but no violence. Some ten minutes after the scheduled time of the meeting a senior police officer announced from the platform that, if we wished the meeting to take place, would we please leave the hall to 'allow others to enter'. 'But,' he added (practically stroking the side of his nose), 'if you don't wish it to take place, just sit on and in half an hour it will have to be cancelled.'

We sat on and that was the greatest NF rally that never was. Everyone in the hall, but for a handful of NF sympathisers, must have been favourably impressed by the confident diplomacy of the West Country police which will I hope set, with time, a new standard of practice.

The Cellars, Landscove, Ashburton, Newton Abbot, Devon

Workers' bus

From J.S. Coutts

I found Mike Hamer's note *(NS* 5 September) somewhat misleading. 'Innate traditionalism' is rather a strong term to describe the retention of design features which have proved satisfactory after perhaps one-and-a-half centuries of development and experience. The fact that this presents a stumbling block to Lucas highlights their limited experience in railway technology. As well as providing a rigid superstructure, the 'massive steel girders' absorb impact in the event of a crash, thereby ensuring structural damage is kept to a minimum. One must not forget that road and rail vehicles are subject to fundamentally different stress patterns, and therefore should not be made to share design characteristics.

The road-rail concept may be applied to freight, but the advantages of bulk rail transit lies in the relatively small amounts of fuel consumed by the locomotive. This fuel-efficiency cannot be matched by smaller vehicles. On the WSLR where the trials are being conducted, the transition from road to rail can be monitored by adjacent signal-boxes. However, supervision of this kind is not always possible on the BR network, much of which is centrally controlled from 'panel' signal-boxes. In fact, new signalling systems would have to be developed to cope with vehicles joining and leaving the lines.

By all means have a road-rail bus, but BR engineers should be criticised with fact and not opinion.

43 Perryn Road, London W3

Exempt old people's dwellings?

From Monica Ferman

Roy Hattersley's letter *(NS* 12 September) must be welcomed as part of the debate to clarify obscure legislation. The first amendment which the House of Lords made *was* a famous victory. It granted automatic exemption from the Right to Buy for dwellings designed or adapted for persons of 'pensionable age'. It was not accepted in the Commons. What was substituted, in manuscript, was quite a different thing. The re-worded amendment gave local authorites permission to apply to the Secretary of State for exemption. One hopes they will all be smartly off the mark to do this, within the six weeks allowed to them, or they will have lost their chance.

Lord Bellwin, government spokesman in the House of Lords, went to some pains to point out that automatic exemption was not acceptable because of the government's fear that such a provision could be abused by 'reluctant local authorities' wishing to get around the Right to Buy. Once again trust is placed in the Secretary of State and central government, rather than at local level.

I am grateful to Mr Hattersley for pointing out that, once (or should one say 'if'?) the Secretary of State is satisfied that he has received a genuine application for exemption, he is 'obliged' to grant it, and I stand corrected. However, I would have been even more grateful if he had explained how all this is modified by the addition of the single word 'only' to the amendment. The Commons made the significant adjustment to the wording so that exemption can be granted if it is the practice of the landlord to let the dwelling *'only'* for occupation by persons of pensionable age. The whole question of interpretation of this worried many people. It worried Lord Hylton (Tory) when it came back to the Lords, and he suggested that the complicated procedure involving the Secretary of State might be 'something of a fig-leaf to cover his retreat'. It worried Lord Hatch of Lusby (Labour) in case that word 'only' restricted the Secretary of State's power to grant exemption. It worried me that Mr Hattersley and the Labour Party were so pleased with the amendment that they minimised the differences that had crept in, and made no reference at all to two other very important amendments from the House of Lords which had been thrown out completely.

London NW6

Corder Catchpool misjudged

From Christina Yates

In David Pryce-Jones's review of *Fellow Travellers of the Right (NS* 5 September) I was astonished to find, in a paragraph beginning 'Pro-Nazis were so various . . .', the name of Corder Catchpool, 'head of the Quaker office in Berlin', who, the review goes on to say, was 'busy behind the scenes'. The implications of the paragraph are misleading, and as one who knew Corder Catchpool well, and lived in Berlin myself between May 1934 and September 1935, I should like to try to give a more accurate picture.

The position of pacifists vis-à-vis the 'enemy' is easily misunderstood. And indeed in the 1930s there were some pacifists who seemed to be more concerned with playing down the truth about the Nazis than facing it. But no one with inside knowledge of what was happening in Germany could have been under any illusions about the nature of the Hitler régime. From the very beginning, Corder was involved with helping the victims and their families. Indeed it was this that made his arrest and detention for 36 hours by the Nazis in April 1933 such a traumatic experience for him and his family, for some of those in danger had entrusted records to him, which were seized.

But while he worked tirelessly for the victims of Nazism, Corder saw the essential task of the peacemaker (as distinct from the relief worker) to be the endeavour to find ways of overcoming evil without resort to violence. To this end the first step was to try to understand and interpret the psychological, economic and political forces that caused the evil in the first place and *kept it alive.* He did not believe that a policy of ostracism and wholesale condemnation would 'cure' Hitlerism, so he fostered contacts at every level, personal and public. There were people, including some Quakers, who felt that he went too far in his attempts at interpretation and 'bridgebuilding'. Perhaps he occasionally made mistakes of judgment but to regard him as a pro-Nazi is to misjudge both his character and his objectives.

29a Holwood Road, Bromley, Kent

Free reply

From Christopher Hitchens

Sally Emerson *(NS* Letters 12 September) is quite right to be upset at the eclipse of her magazine; an eclipse which I hope will be temporary. But that doesn't give her the right to miss every single point I made. In particular, it doesn't excuse her minimising the charge against Joseph Goebbels. I did not say that Diana Mosley was wrong simply because she called him 'clever and witty'. I said she was wrong because she held his guilt to 'rest upon supposition', and then, not content with that, went on to insult the Jewish people. Such a review should not have been printed, and the tradition of 'controversy' doesn't cover it.

I did not say that Lady Mosley should not be used as a reviewer on any subject — even perhaps this one. But no editor just prints what is put in front of her. Questions of judgment do arise — as Ms Emerson implicitly admits in her selective attempt to defend the piece in question.

Finally, I think my own timing of the attack is irrelevant. But as it happens I did not see the article until the very week when *Books and Bookmen,* through its business misfortunes, was attracting such friendly and favourable coverage everywhere else.

New Statesman, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1

Combatting 'bodyism'

From A.M. Ferner

May I object on behalf of 'hairfree' people to the offensive headline accompanying Anna Coote's article on the TUC conference *(NS* 5 September)? The pejorative use of the word 'bald' to imply physical unattractiveness and general decrepitude is alas all too common. I am sure that Ms Coote would be the first to object if irrelevant reference were made to her physical characteristics. Such 'bodyism' needs to be combatted by all socialists.

For the record, however, those who unthinkingly insult bald people should be made aware that historically baldness has been highly regarded in certain cultures. For example, the pre-Incaic Huachuarans of central Peru constructed a mystical sect around bald priests, and in Albania the sexual attractions of bald men are reflected in the teasing term used for the bald head by the sweetheart of a man so favoured: the third buttock.

42 Plymouth Place, Leamington Spa, Warks.

No sighted censorship

From C.H. Rolph

Am I too late to refer to the paragraph in Christopher Hitchens's London Diary *(NS* 15 August) about tape-recording the *New Statesman*'s riper passages for the blind and the near-sighted? I record books for the Calibre Library for the Blind and Handicapped (Aylesbury, Bucks HP20 1HU), and have been finding out that their readers certainly wouldn't be unwilling to record 'strong Left wing political bias' whatever they thought of it themselves, and don't even jib on discovering (if they do) that 'the language . . . is very repulsive and objectionable'. They take the view that the blind listener can switch off if he doesn't like it, just as if he were a sighted one throwing a book across the room, but they think he ought to have the same right of decision as you and I have. Blindness is enough, they feel, without the handed-down solicitude of those who are allowed to read for them.

Rushett Edge, Bramley, Guildford, Surrey

Information wanted

Mortgage strikes 1938-40: information, documents, recollections sought for social history of these strikes. I would be interested to hear from any surviving relatives of Jim Borders (1901-67) and anyone who knows anything of Joe Salisbury, a Labour Councillor for Feltham District Council in 1939.

Andrew McCulloch, Berri-dene, Anglesea Road, Wivenhoe, Colchester, Essex

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

I've got a little list

Regular readers, already familiar in their minds' eyes with the general layout of the spacious grounds in which stands stately 'Myrtlebank', with all of its main windows facing due south and with the terrace, resplendent with potted geraniums in assorted colours, forming what some like to call a sun-trap, may care for a supplementary word or two about the orchard in a corner of which this outstandingly pleasing residence is situated. The orchard is on a slope that gently rises towards the west and extends to roughly three acres as far as my eye can tell, though some eyes consider it to be four, and it is intersected by a charming stream that comes from haunts of coot and hern and makes a sudden sally, and sparkles out among the fern to bicker down our valley and I sometimes think that an agreeable poem might be written about it in the style of, say, Tennyson, with a thoughtful line or two to the effect that men may come and men may go but brooks go on for ever, thus putting us firmly in our places with a sobering reminder of the relatively ephemeral nature of mankind (or do I now have to say personkind?) when compared with brooks and streams.

Before I move on, by one of those natural transitions for which this column is so justly noted, to a splendid literary treat that was sent to me and is now available to all, let me just say a word about a currently popular subject, namely brand of apple, for my orchard, being an apple orchard, contains apples. I know that you will, in your friendly way, rejoice to learn that this year's harvest can only be described as bumper. It was originally entirely a cider-apple orchard and one of about four hundred trees, but age and decay and storms have, down the years, removed half of them and we have assiduously planted in their place eaters and cookers and now, evenly balanced, are enjoying the results, with the heavily-laden boughs sweeping the ground.

Picking (an exciting moment) has begun, our Beauty of Bath being, as always and like an elder daughter, the first to go. We have no truck whatsoever with that apple with which the fraudulent frogs plan to flood this country (how dare they, and on top of that lamb business too?), nor shall we here take the slightest notice of those officious busybodies who appear to be telling us what apples we may grow for the future. Our various varieties can but remain, in these parts, prime favourites. What more noble cooking apple exists than Lord Derby, or one that remains firmer than Bramley's Seedling? Housewives requiring an apple that fluffs up a little in the pot can hardly do better than Lane's Prince Albert or Monarch. For a dessert apple, what about Laxton's Superb or Ellison's Orange, with James Grieve as a standby? I look, and I look with confidence, to Mrs Thatcher to halt the unacceptable flow of Golden Delicious, show the French yet again what's what (*'Ecoute, Giscard . . .'*) and, though perhaps it is too much to hope for, remove us entirely and at once from the dreaded EEC, a disastrous body as far as we are concerned and one to which I have been from the start opposed. Whoever in their senses would imagine any good coming to *us*? That old General must be splitting his sides.

But now for the treat. Did you chance to notice a recent snap in a popular daily of our PM, dear Mrs T, neatly attired as is her wont and bandbox-fresh and getting stung on the nose by a wasp? That, I hasten to say, is not the treat and the little incident occurred while she was, as ever regardless of self, inspecting a Cambridge factory and saying a cheery word of encouragement all round. And did you at the same time chance to wonder how many ministers of state in the world's history had been bitten by wasps or been savaged by wolves or gobbled up by tigers and if there was anywhere a list of such persons? The likelihood is, believe it or not, that somewhere such a list exists, for a mind-boggling volume called *The Book of Lists 2* (the first *Book of Lists* appeared in 1977), published by Elm Tree Books at £5.95, has come my way, full of lists sent in by listomaniacs and compiled by a team of four. A few of the titles will give you the general spirit of the thing — 18 Men or Women Who Slept With 3 or More Celebrities, 6 Incestuous Couples of the Bible, The 8 Most Awful Warships in History, 8 Generals Who Never Won a Battle, 10 Well-Known People Who Died in Someone's Arms, and 7 Persons Who Have Gone Over Niagara Falls in Barrels.

One has, naturally, one's favourites. 12 Great Slips of the Tongue in American Politics reveals Ronald Reagan, speaking in 1975 about the third-world countries, saying 'The United States has much to offer the third world war', and saying it, what is more, nine times: and at the height (or do I mean depths?) of the Watergate scandal, Richard Nixon was heard to say 'This is a discredited president' (it is assumed that he meant to say precedent). Then, for a British person, the 10 Most Defeated Nations in Modern History makes delightfully stimulating reading, with Turkey prominently placed at the head of the list and with France doing fine work at No. 5. 12 Possible Sites For The Garden of Eden includes the east bank of the Mississippi river near the Minnesota border, while Noah was later resident, until the Flood carried him east, at Galesville, Wisconsin. 16 Notable Persons Struck by Lightning has a retired park ranger in Virginia who, between 1942 and 1977, was struck seven times, losing his eyebrows and a big toenail. I do not wish to go into the indelicacies of Double-Sexed Animals: suffice it to say that there are 14 of them, and nor do I intend to give details of 21 Famous Women Who Breast-Fed Their Babies apart from asking what is so special about that.

I am glad to report that, while there are 12 Famous Cat Lovers, there are only 10 Famous Cat Haters, among them Shelley, Ronsard, Bonaparte, Boswell, Eisenhower and Brahms, who tried to pick off neighbours' pussies with a bow and arrow while he should have been thumping the Bechstein. Particularly impressive, and splendidly cheering for the scholastically idle, is the list of 15 Celebrated Persons Who Got Miserable School Reports — Wellington, Zola, Heine, Picasso, James Watt, Puccini, Chesterton, Churchill, Henry Ford and, you'll hardly believe it, Darwin, Edison and Einstein, while the list of those expelled from school or 'asked to leave' includes John Barrymore (discovered celebrating Washington's Birthday in a brothel), Orville Wright ('mischievous behaviour'), Trotsky (ragging teacher), Bogart ('Irreverence'), Mussolini (throwing an inkpot at teacher) and Dali (sulking at art teacher's jibes).

Do please spare a thought for 10 Eminent Constipation Sufferers — Robespierre, even while the Guillotine clanged down, was a martyr to it, ditto Bonaparte (said to munch too fast. What a lesson!). Freud's spastic colon brought constipation, and the reverse, with it, while Gershwin put his sluggishness down to 'composer's stomach'. Howard Hughes and poor Judy Garland must also be added, together with a costive Henry James (a snap of him strolling on the beach at Rye in 1907 looks as though it was taken during an exceptionally distressing bout). Well then, did you realise that there are 5 Body Parts Named After Italians and all of them fairly useful — Organ of Corti (internal ear), Eustachian Tube, Fallopian Tubes (Ladies Only), Ruffini's Corpuscles and Sartoli Cells (Gentlemen Only and in an area best left unmentioned).

From now on, my dinner table conversation is going to fascinate one and all. 'Did you know that in 1975 a Detroit baby fell 14 storeys and landed on a man called Joseph Figlock (baby unharmed) who happened to be walking below, and exactly a year later another baby descended on Joseph Figlock, who began to think twice before taking a breather?' 'Did you know that an Iowa cow called Fawn was, in 1962, swept up by a tornado and alighted safely after a maiden flight of half a mile, and in 1967 she took off again, reaching a goodly altitude and again landing undamaged, this time near a bull?'

Readers of the book are encouraged to make their own interesting lists and send them (not, for pity's sake, to me) to a given address. 'Don't be listless' coax the compilers, funsters all.

Roger Woddis

The day of the bee

As I was walking down the street
Where tourists stand and stare,
A blue-eyed bee I chanced to meet
With gold-dust in her hair.
She said, 'Come, let us celebrate
My first five hundred days —
Or are you one of those who hate
My funny little ways?'

I asked her how (although I knew)
She managed to survive;
She said, 'The way all queen-bees do —
Off workers in the hive.
I buzz around in large hotels
And blame the unemployed,
And guard the honey in their cells
By seeing they're destroyed.'

I wondered how much longer then
She thought her reign would last;
She said, 'I'll be at Number Ten
Until the storm has passed.'
I couldn't help but feel a chill
To watch her subjects drown,
And noticed how in buckets still
The rain was pissing down.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Jonathan Mirsky

A Thousand Gaping Wounds

Now that Hua Guofeng, Minister of State Security during the Cultural Revolution, has yielded the premiership to a man 'dragged out' during the same period, and five vice-premiers have resigned (though Deng Xiaoping's other more powerful offices are being retained), what can we expect from Chinese foreign policy?

Consider the following scenarios, and set them against how China 'ought' to act as the largest Marx-Leninist power on the planet. Beijing sporadically wars with Hanoi, (rather grumpily) props up Pol Pot, does business with Chile and probably with South Africa, sends Hua Guogeng to hug the Shah on the eve of the latter's passage down the disposal, supports the CIA's client FNLA and South Africa's UNITA in Angola, says nothing but encouraging things about NATO and the EEC, warns the US to resume its rôle as defender of the West, and presses its eternal feud with the Soviet Union, the second-largest Marx-Leninist power on the planet. The Chinese try to make the case that, despite what looks like cynical self-interest in their conduct of foreign affairs, in the long-run there is no contradiction between the development of a strong China and the growth of anti-imperialism everywhere else.

Five recently published studies illuminate different facets of China's foreign relations. One is historical, terminating well before the 1949 Communist victory; one supplies many of the basic documents for the post 1949 years; a third concentrates on Peking's role in the UN; two are extended essays.

One cannot help noticing the difference between Western China specialists (myself included) who learn Chinese late in life and use it painfully for research, and East Asians trained in the West, like Jerome Ch'en, King Chen, and Samuel Kim, whose substantial studies make the other two monographs, each good in its way, look a bit pale.

In the Spring of 1972, American visitors to China, bemused by Mao Zedong's warm welcome for Nixon and Kissinger, who were concurrently showering napalm and high-explosives on Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, found a pamphlet on their pillows in every hotel they visited. The Chinese are attentive hosts, stocking every such room with Great Wall cigarettes, tea and oranges, but the pamphlet was there to satisfy a different need: to understand how China could receive in *its* capital the destroyers of Indochina and the keenest enemies of the Peoples' Republic west of Moscow. The pamphlet was Mao Zedong's 'On the Chongqing (Chungking) Negotiations', written in October, 1945 to explain what he and Zhou Enlai were doing in Chiang Kaishek's headquarters, treating with a man described only two months earlier as 'a most brutal and treacherous fellow', and 'China's fascist ringleader, autocrat, and traitor to the people'.

Between Mao calling Chiang a fascist and clinking glasses with him over dinner (a remarkable photograph) something had happened. The Chairman's 'On Peace Negotiations with the Guomindang' written two days before he set out for Chongqing, gets straight down to it in the first sentence. 'The speedy surrender of the Japanese invaders has changed the whole situation.' Chiang Kaishek, Mao admitted, 'has monopolized the right to accept the surrender and for the time being (a stage) the big cities and important lines of communication will not be in our hands'. Nor were the Russians, Americans, and British disposed to allow a civil war, Mao added.

He had also taken the measure of the Nationalists. Despite being 'riddled with a thousand gaping wounds', sooner or later Chiang Kaishek would eventually resume his efforts to destroy the Communists. The negotiations would fail, Mao predicted, and fighting would break out. Chiang Kaishek was negotiating because he was so weak, but that very weakness would ultimately drive him back into battle.

This analysis was provided in 1972 for tourists in China. Already in 1971, Zhou Enlai had directly tackled the problem for Party cadres. (The documents are included in King Chen's *China and the Three Worlds*). Again 'the whole situation' had changed. Lately the most dangerous enemy of world peace, the United States was now humbled by its defeat in Vietnam (the war would run another few years, in fact) and the defections of significant allies. 'Because Nixon has encountered difficulties both domestically and internationally', Zhou said, 'he has requested eagerly to visit China. When he comes he has to bring something along in his pocket.' The United States, in short, was now a possible associate, if not friend, and a potential ally against the Soviets; it would agree to abandon its Two Chinas policy, admit Communist China to the Security Council, and end Beijing's isolation. Quite a haul to exchange for a few dinners and a Nixon scamper up the Great Wall.

The Vietnamese were worried, and Premier Zhou knew it. 'If Vietnam does not comprehend this, we can persuade her gradually.' Nixon had tightened the ratchet over Indochina but apart from a few tut-tuts, Beijing was urging Hanoi to be reasonable and negotiate. It is no surprise that during the last two years of conflict between China and Vietnam the Chinese advice of 1971 has been included by Hanoi in a blanket charge of betrayal.

It is a bedevilling problem. Can the interests of Chinese socialism be reconciled with the global struggle against imperialism? In Michel Oksenberg's useful formulation, Mao Zedong defined all problems as Becoming. Some nations, therefore, are becoming weaker, others stronger. The key lies in knowing whether China's friends and enemies (identifying them comes absolutely first) are curving up or down. More deeply still, since world politics are ultimately bi-polar, poised between Moscow and Washington, it appears, in Beijing's policies that relations *among* other countries are inconsequential compared to their relations *to* either of the Super-Powers.

Sometimes, therefore, China welcomed a Rightist like Franz Joseph Strauss because he is anti-Russian, while within an imperialist struggle like the one in Zimbabwe, the Chinese supported Mugabe chiefly because Russia was linked with Nkomo. The 'main contradition' in Beijing's eyes, was not Rhodesian white supremacy, but Soviet 'hegemonism'.

China and the Three Worlds should be at the elbow of anyone reading *about* contemporary Chinese foreign policy. It contains the essential texts, without which Kim, O'Leary, and Yahuda might seem to be maundering. The book concentrates on the period 1972-78,

China and the Three Worlds edited by King C. Chen *Macmillan* £15 & £6.95

The Shaping of China's Foreign Policy by GREG O'LEARY *Croom Helm* £13.50

China's Role in World Affairs by MICHAEL YAHUDA *Croom Helm* £15.95 & £4.95

China and the West by JEROME CH'EN. *Hutchinson* £12.95 & £5.50

China, the United Nations, and World Order, by SAMUEL S. KIM *Princeton* £17.90 & £7.10

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but starts with a long, usefully-segmented introduction in which King Chen moves from the 1949 hostility between Beijing and Washington to the present status of Taiwan in the eyes of the Mainland.

Kim concentrates on China's behaviour in the United Nations, as a way of measuring how Beijing's acts measure up to its pronouncements. Although a strong UN man, he sees the organization for what it is.

> The (Security) Council is more concerned with direct physical violence in international relations, while China is more concerned about structural violence in the system of world dominance. The tendency of the Council to concern itself exclusively with violence works towards the consolidation of the status quo. China as a revisionist newcomer is committed to changing the international status quo. The Council disdains disorder; China welcomes it as a challenge and opportunity to bring about a systemic change.

Kim's chief point is that although China's entry into the UN was seen by some to be the prelude to a wrecking process which would make the Russians and their abundant vetoes look like Quakers, Beijing's representatives, in fact, have been 'cautious and self-effacing', playing by the rules, casting almost no vetoes, and joining no blocs. Chinese entry, Kim feels, 'has made the United Nations more legitimate, more representative, and more relevent . . .'

Jerome Ch'en's *China and the West* explores the century after 1842 when China had been treated by the West

> with distrust, ridicule, and disdain, mingled from time to time with pity and charity, only occasionally with sympathy and friendliness; no Western head of state while in office lowered his dignity by paying a visit to China; no Chinese head of state was ever invited to visit a western country.

What Ch'en concentrates on is the process of change induced by ideas brought to China. He concludes it was the government of China, not some inchoate 'tradition', which prevented a relatively untraumatic glide into the modern world. Beneath that etherised government Ch'en discerns a lively, dynamic China, 'buzzing with activity' in the family, amongst women, and between young people. The country had begun to crack like the surface of an immemorially frozen lake under a new sun. This interior response was in part a reaction to the thrusting West, ripping China off and apart, confident that such a pathetic victim deserved what it got, like a beautiful but bedraggled woman in a dark alley.

The Russian revolution helped change this. In 1923, Ch'en tells us, a poll at Peking University discovered that the overwhelming favourite for 'most admired foreign personality' was Lenin, with 227 votes. Lloyd George got six. An understanding, therefore, of Lenin's impact on the no-longer Middle Kingdom, especially of his theories about the *ultimate* self-destructiveness of imperialism, must inform any investigation of China's foreign relations after 1949. Greg O'Leary, in *The Shaping of Chinese Foreign Policy*, puts it succinctly: 'China's foreign policy is formulated in accordance with an on-going analysis of the world predicated upon a set of Marxist Leninist principles'.

This notion is O'Leary's strong suit. Conceding that his Chinese is shaky, he lambasts his fellow academics, who know little Lenin and less Marx. To them he says, charmlessly, 'I must confess I owe very little'. This is not borne out by his copious footnotes. Despite his scorn for those who follow the contortions of Chinese foreign affairs into the labyrinth of domestic factions, O'Leary does not neglect such gossipy attractions, at the sorting out of which he is a dab hand. He focuses on the years between 1969 and 1973 when China entered the UN, established relations with the US and Japan, and impressively re-entered the diplomatic world. His analysis, a fruitful one, made more believable by reading key documents in King Chen's collection, is that China perceived a profound slippage in American power near the end of the Sixties. With the 1968 Tet offensive the Vietnamese not only dealt General Westmoreland's armies a mortal blow but 'checked the expansion of the American empire'. This defeat coincided with the economic defection of Washington's major allies in Western Europe, Japan, and Canada, who increasingly baulked at carrying the American fiscal can, and kicked the supports out from under the dollar.

America's slide, O'Leary finds, coincided with an upswing in Soviet 'imperialism masquerading as socialism'. Since Moscow was now the 'main contradiction' it became possible to establish (temporary) links with the weakened but still formidable United States which also no longer regarded China as *its* main contradiction. Washington, Beijing still feels, was increasingly, but too slowly, willing to stand up to the Russians, and abandon the idiocies of detente, disarmament, and SALT. King Chen's documents in which the Chinese leadership, especially Zhou Enlai, explain to their cadres the welcome for Richard Nixon, depicted as arriving cap in hand, illustrate O'Leary's thesis.

China's Role in World Affairs by Michael Yahuda, issued by O'Leary's publisher in rather the same format, also bears down on how the *Chinese* leadership see their country's role in world affairs. Like O'Leary, Yahuda is really concerned with ideology rather than with events, and here again it is useful to consult King Chen's documents and Samuel Kim's detailed case study.

Yahuda underlines China's unique status in the Third World. It, alone, sits permanently on the Security Council. It invests nothing abroad, has been hardly effected by the international economic system. Provides aid without strings and loans without interest, and possesses a small nuclear arsenal. Yahuda describes Beijing's 'relative autonomy' on the international scene, a status bolstered by Kim's evidence from the UN. Like O'Leary, he exposes the Marxist-Leninist framework of Chinese foreign policy and diplomacy. This is helpful in coming to grips with the convolutions listed at the beginning of this review.

There are points on which a reasonable but sympathetic specialist may fall off Yahuda's sled. China, he asserts, imposes no dependency relations on its immediate and smaller neighbours. Many Tibetans would disagree. So might those living in those parts of Kampuchea under the control of Pol Pot. His outlines of China's policies in Angola and Chile may be accurate but they fail to convince in Marxist-Leninist terms. They seem merely anti-Soviet, full-stop. Yahuda, who is fair-minded, makes clear that many African nationalists find this disgusting. Others in the Third World, he concedes, find little to support in China's belief in the inevitability of world war and its detestation of long-term detente, admiring of the Chinese revolution though they are.

Yahuda is very clear in his exposition of the large issues animating China's activities abroad. Like O'Leary, he downplays domestic considerations but, in fact, is good at untangling them. He ably makes the delicate comparisons necessary with the traditional society without falling into the easy temptation to see a rewakened Celestial Empire.

KEITH MIDDLEMAS

POWER AND THE PARTY

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

Douglas Dunn
War Blinded

For more than sixty years he has been blind
Behind that wall, these trees, with terrible
Longevity, wheeled in the sun and wind
On pathways of the soldiers' hospital.

For half that time his story's troubled me —
That showroom by the ferry, where I saw
His basketwork, a touch-turned filigree
His fingers coaxed from charitable straw;

Or how he felt when young, enlisting at
Recruiting tables on the football pitch,
To end up slumped across a parapet,
His eye-blood running in a molten ditch;

Or how the light looked when I saw two men,
One blind, one in a wheelchair, in that Park,
Their dignity, which I have not forgotten,
Which helps me struggle with this lesser dark.

The war's too old for me to understand
How he might think, now nursed in wards
of want.
Remembering the day when his right hand
Gripped on the shoulder of the man in front.

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Nicolas Walter

Psi-Fi

Science and the Supernatural by JOHN TAYLOR *Maurice Temple Smith* £7.50
Death and the Magician by RAYMOND FITZSIMONS *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
ESP and Parapsychology by C. E. M. HANSEL *Prometheus* £7.95 & £4.25
The Psychology of the Psychic by DAVID MARKS & RICHARD KAMMANN *Prometheus* £7.95 & £3.75
The Strange Case of Edmund Gurney by TREVOR H. HALL *Duckworth* £15
The Strange Story of Ada Goodrich Freer by TREVOR H. HALL *Duckworth* £12.50

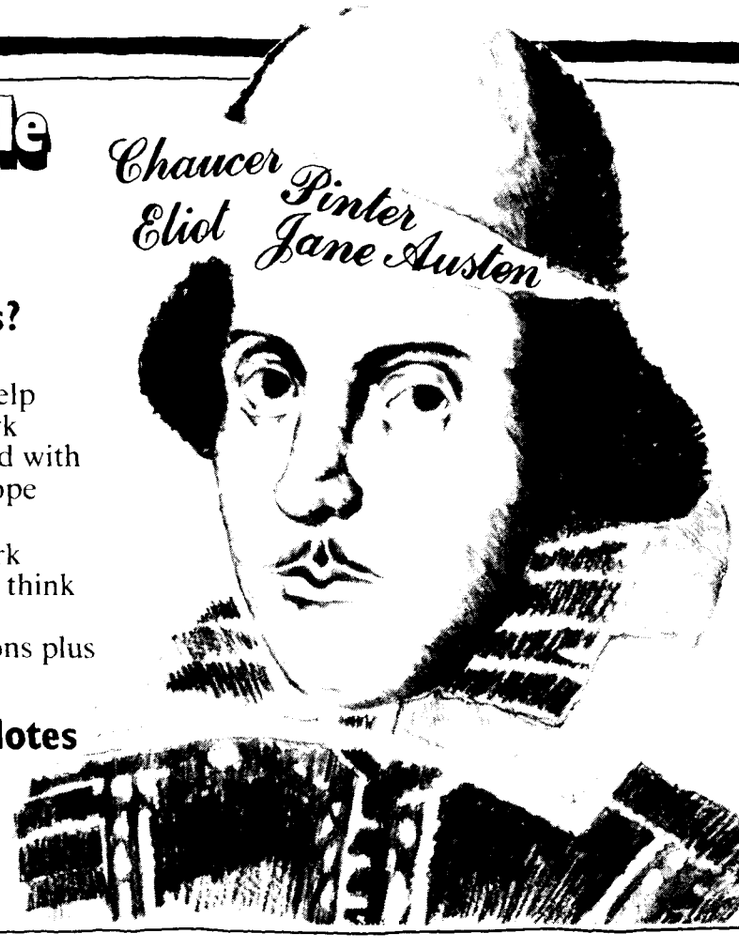
According to most people at most times in most places, there is outside or above or beyond the ordinary or natural or normal world a world of extraordinary or supernatural or paranormal phenomena which is both accessible and significant to us. This belief is basic to all religions and present in all cultures, is still almost universal in primitive societies and among uneducated people, and is much more prevalent than might be supposed in sophisticated societies and among educated people. The paranormal is believed to be invoked through prayer, meditation, trances, dances, fasts, spells, lots, sacrifices, sorcery, passes, drugs, calculations, or just willpower; it may also impose itself through miracles, inspiration, possession, haunting, visions, dreams, and so on. The paranormal is believed to be significant because it connects us with higher things — whether persons (divine or diabolical or just spiritual) or forces (physical or mental or just remarkable) — which increase our knowledge of and power over ourselves and our environment. This ideology or paradigm is much more widespread than any political ideology or scientific paradigm, and it should be taken seriously.

But how can it be taken seriously? There is no point in just saying that there must be something in it, or that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. What matters is not quantity but quality of evidence, and a completely open mind is as useless as a completely closed one. What are we being asked to believe? Is the paranormal true — a more or less accurate version of more or less genuine phenomena? If so, does it belong to the world of natural science, or does it transcend nature and contradict science? In either case, how is it to be examined and explained? Or is the paranormal false — mere delusion and deception, once existing as superstition and magic which have a function in pre-rational and pre-scientific culture, but now surviving as credulity and trickery which should be exposed? The problem about answering such questions on the basis of fact and reason is that the paranormal has a strong resemblance to and a wide overlap with religion. There is a bitter division between believers and unbelievers — 'sheep' and 'goats', in Gertrude Schmeidler's suggestive terminology — who find it hard to convince or even communicate with each other. There is complete disagreement about the central doctrine — the existence of paranormal ability or psychic faculty ('psi' for short) — and even the most impartial research in this area is affected by the parallel will to believe and wish to deceive.

For two centuries scientific methods have been increasingly applied to the investigation of the paranormal. The phenomena have been generally divided into two classes — the apparent ability to obtain knowledge through unknown senses ('psychognosis', or extrasensory perception, including telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and postcognition), and the apparent ability to exert unknown forces over matter ('psychokinesis', including healing and harming, poltergeists, levitation and teleportation, materialisation and dematerialisation) — and an enormous amount of more or less scientific work has been done on them all. But such activities haven't yet been successfully disentangled from pseudo-science and science-fiction, and unbelievers tend to be amused by 'parapsychology' and 'paraphysics', while believers tend to be angered by the way they are patronised or ignored by the scientific and intellectual establishment. The scientists concerned tend on the one hand to protest too much, and on the other to be involved with such disreputable events as hallucinations and hauntings, dreams and seances, with such disreputable people as mediums and psychics, healers and conjurors, and with such disreputable objects as cards and dice.

The result is that what is said and written about the paranormal, from either side, is usually fascinating but frustrating. It fails the test of fact or reason or both, the evidence or the argument being too weak to support the

Only headcases struggle with Shakespeare



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structure of belief or disbelief placed on them. This is especially true of the much larger amount of material on the side of belief, and nearly every book in favour of the paranormal is literally negligible, except as a symptom of intellectual confusion or as a source of emotional comfort.

John Taylor's contributions to this subject are more interesting than most, because they are neither sensational journalism or amateurish apologetic at one end of the paranormal spectrum, nor ideological propaganda or technical reportage at the other, but seem to be a sincere attempt to address intelligent readers in an informed way. Taylor is a scientist — Professor of Mathematics at King's College, London — but his books read like science-fiction and his talks sound like sermons. At the beginning of the 1970s he accepted the fact that some people produce genuine psychokinesis and suggested the nature of this phenomenon. The result was *Superminds* (1975), in which he endorsed the claims of Uri Geller and other people to bend metal objects by paranormal means and offered the explanation of some form of electromagnetism (echoing the first scientific investigators two centuries ago, who also attributed paranormal phenomena to electricity and magnetism). The trouble was that, as sceptics told him at the time, the real 'Geller effect' was the remarkable ability to bend not metal but minds, and since then Geller and his imitators have become an embarrassment rather than an asset to the paranormal movement. So Taylor made an ass of himself; but in the late 1970s, after more research, he made an honest man of himself by withdrawing from both his positions. The result is *Science and the Paranormal*, in which he goes over the ground again but concludes in general, 'The paranormal is now totally normal — ESP is dead', and in particular, 'There endeth the saga of Uri Geller'. But here endeth the saga of John Taylor, too, for the two books cancel each other out and may now be forgotten — except as a warning against rushing in where angels tread.

If all the friends of the paranormal were as frank as this, it wouldn't need enemies, but they have unfortunately been badly needed. One of the most effective was Harry Houdini, the great American magician who simultaneously believed in the existence of some kind of paranormal powers and spent much energy half a century ago exposing anyone who claimed to have them. Raymund FitzSimons's readable biography emphasises this aspect of his career, which resembled the similar work of the great British magician John Maskelyne half a century before that. Their contribution helped to establish the principle that professional magicians are essential in any test of paranormal phenomena, since they produce similar phenomena by normal means for a living and they are experts in both dexterity and deception. This principle has been revived by the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, which was formed in the United States in 1976 and a branch of which is being formed in Britain, both including reputable magicians as well as respectable scientists. The Committee is linked with the American humanist publisher Prometheus Books, which has produced several relevant books (distributed from 10 Crescent View, Loughton, Essex).

There are few satisfactory books which criticise the paranormal as a whole and on its own, and most are either too specialised or too superficial. Antony Flew's *A New Approach to Psychical Research* (1953) was too short, and has gone out of date and out of print. So has C. E. M. Hansel's *ESP: A Scientific Evaluation* (1966), but this has now been published in a revised form as *ESP and Parapsychology: A Critical Re-evaluation*. Hansel is another scientist — Professor of Psychology at Swansea — and his method is to consider whether even the most convincing cases of paranormal phenomena could have been produced by normal means. His conclusion is that an element of error or deception, conscious or unconscious, either could easily have been present or was eventually shown to have been present in either the protocols or the performance of even the most famous research of the past century. The result for parapsychology is rather as if the Piltdown Man or Kammerer's toads or Burt's twins were the rule rather than the exception in palaeontology, biology or psychology. David Marks and Richard Kammann are two more scientists — professors of psychology in New Zealand — who use the same method. In *The Psychology of the Psychic* they concentrate on the current scene — performers like Geller and Kreskin, investigators like Targ and Puthoff, propagandists like Arthur Koestler and Alister Hardy — and add some useful general material to drive home their general message that 'the study of ESP is a study of human illusion, sometimes fostered by human deception'.

The same message is implicit in the series of books on the paranormal produced by Trevor Hall over the past 25 years. Those on Edmund Gurney and Ada Goodrich Freer, two leading members of the Society for Psychical Research in its early years nearly a century ago, were first published in the 1960s and have been rather expensively reissued with rather too little revision, but they provide fascinating and devastating evidence of the vast amount of sheer fraud involved in such activity. The nearer one gets to the truth about the paranormal, the less there seems to be.

This is not to deny the existence of the paranormal, only to decide that the quantity of evidence for it isn't matched by quality. The question is not so much one of proof either way as one of the balance of probability, and the answer of an open-minded person is that in human affairs the mendacious is more probable than the miraculous. Nothing is gained by dogmatic positions on either side. The best test is the pragmatic one — does the paranormal work? There are two answers. Yes, it works by making some people feel better and other people get richer — much like orthodox religion. No, it doesn't work by making any significant difference in our knowledge of or power over the world or our place in it. Surely the paranormal should be taken seriously only if it affects the normal. People with paranormal knowledge or power should be able to dominate science and medicine, politics and business, crime and espionage, games and gambling, and so on. Even the best work in parapsychology and paraphysics is negligible when it produces only minute calculations of statistics or massive claims about the nature of the universe. No performer can be called paranormal if he can be outdone by a professional magician, and no experimenter can call anything paranormal if he can be outwitted by a professional magician. Meanwhile the paranormal still seems to belong to science-fiction or pseudo-science — along with the varieties of quasi-scientific religion (such as Spiritualism and Scientology) and quasi-religious science (such as Velikovsky and Däniken) or even to orthodox religion and the occult world behind them all.

Roger Shattuck

THE FORBIDDEN EXPERIMENT

The Story of the Wild Boy of Aveyron

"This is an admirably written, thoughtful, and movingly perceptive account of the Wild Boy and his mentors."
Anthony Storr, **Spectator**

"Roger Shattuck's finely researched, scrupulous account is . . . a sort of postscript to the unknowable, wonderful story . . . Nobody could have done more. It is a measured narrative ; it sniffs the air, tastes the possibilities, explores the probabilities." *Sally Vincent*, **New Society**

"Exciting stuff for addicts . . . Roger Shattuck's book should undoubtedly be read." *Naomi Lewis*, **Observer**

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Secker & Warburg

Among this week's contributors:

GARY WERSKEY is the author of *The Visible College: A Collective Biography of British Scientists and Socialists of the 1930s.*

JONATHAN MIRSKY is a historian who writes regularly about China for *The Observer.*

JUDITH COOKE teaches in the Extra-Mural Department of London University. She is the author of *New Road,* a novel.

NICOLAS WALTER is Managing Editor of the Rationalist Press Association.

NIGEL LEWIS was co-founder of the Arts Worldwide programme on Radio 3.

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Terry Eagleton

Molly's Piano

James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word by COLIN MCCABE *Macmillan*, £8.95
Ulysses by HUGH KENNER *Allen & Unwin* £10.00

The xenophobic braying which has greeted the name of Jacques Lacan in England is unlikely to be pacified by Colin McCabe's bold study. The English have always been a little unnerved by psychoanalysis, but when it comes with the full blast of high mandarin French, Olympian, *consciously* unintelligible and vaguely leftish to boot, the Establishment bloodhounds are off the leash at a bound. Not that Lacan himself has done much to help. A pompous and conceited patriarch, the attention lavished upon him by certain currents in the women's movement is particularly ironic. Nor have his English acolytes, clustered chiefly around the film journal *Screen*, often thought fit to suggest that *le maître* may have made the odd screw-up — 'slippage' or 'lacuna' — here and there. That solemn, self-conscious orthodoxy has played its part in provoking the philistine backlash, but it can't be said to excuse it. For Lacan is beyond doubt a rich, adventurous thinker of extreme importance; and even if he wasn't, even if he had the intellect of a Charles Aznavour, he couldn't possibly be as worthless as the Establishment needs to suggest.

Violently summarised, McCabe's argument goes as follows. The 'classical realist' literary work depends upon a privileged, unquestioned level of discourse — the author's own — which places the reader in a secure position of knowledge and dominance in relation to the text. This 'metalanguage' fixes the reader in what Lacan would call an 'imaginary' security: language becomes a mere transparent window through which we can comfortingly possess a familiar set of objects, as full and pliable as the mother's breast. Joyce's post-realist texts, by contrast, kick this ontological security rudely away: 'all positions are constantly threatened with dissolution into the play of language'. The great linguistic cacophanies of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* allow us no secure position as reading subjects, reducing us to mere flickering functions of the writing, unleashing a multiple, ambiguous discourse which is the subversive speech of the unconscious itself. If George Eliot's works are 'neurotic', Joyce's are 'psychotic'. Dominated by its coolly omniscient author, Eliot's language strives to purge itself of the ambiguous play of unconscious desire, only to betray neurotic symptoms of it from time to time. Joyce's works, however, allow desire to dominate the ego as in psychosis: ideological certainties are threatened by a great swell of language which knows no absolutes, gender-roles ruptured by a kind of polymorphous perversity of the word. If classical realism is phallocentric, Joyce spurns this stiff singleness of meaning and turns instead to the elusive resources of the feminine and maternal.

This is not the kind of stuff to get you a Chair of English, even if it is the most exciting and original book on Joyce to have appeared for many years. They can't, however, claim that McCabe isn't lucid: what obscurities there are belong to the ideas themselves rather than to their presentation, a distinction that the book's logic would ironically deny. What they *will* say, no doubt, is that McCabe stands pretty far back from the texts, which is true enough; but then his book is self-consciously a *case* rather than a blow-by-blow textual analysis.

Even as a general case, however, the book sometimes has a thin, hasty feel to it, as though it was untimely ripped from a doctoral thesis residing in the Cambridge University library. A residual formalism scars it throughout. 'Instead of constructing a meaning, Joyce's texts concern themselves with the position of the subject in language'. All right, but they *do* construct meanings too, and McCabe is a bit cavalier with some of them. If *Ulysses* and *Wake* are perversely polymorphous rather than neurotically repressed, what about the great cyclical mythologies which frame them? Are these not forms of ideological closure, happy to let perversity rip because what you lose on the swings can always be recuperated on the endless Viconian roundabouts of birth, death and regeneration? And why are Molly Bloom's clichés 'unimportant' compared to the 'motion of the signifier' which expresses them? Molly may be the creation of a semiotician but she's also the work of a sexist, for whom women's discourse is as the monotonous heavings of the earth. McCabe is too ready to endorse the fashionable feminism of Luce Irigaray, Julia Kristeva and others, who threaten to rescue women from one stereotype (non-males) only to drop them in another (subversive irrationalists).

Where McCabe really shines, however, is in his deeply original treatment of Joyce's politics. After a half-decade of critical attempts to reduce him to an aesthete, it's refreshing to be reminded that Joyce criticised Irish nationalism on much the same grounds that a socialist criticises the Provos now: 'anyone can see', he wrote, 'that if the Irish question exists, it exists for the Irish proletariat chiefly.' A feminist *avant la lettre* despite heavily sexist hangovers, he saw precisely how a parochial, priest-ridden, family-centred Irish nationalism remained enslaved to a phallocentrism which the androgynous word could help to shatter. If feminism is the 'revolution within the revolution', so in a different sense are *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*.

Literary criticism, McCabe remarks, can't cope with Joyce because his writing refuses to reproduce the relation between reader and text on which such criticism survives. This doesn't, unfortunately, stop it from trying. Hugh Kenner, chief executive of the American branch of the industry, has contributed yet another blow-by-blow bluffer's guide to *Ulysses* to the monstrous pile of exegesis, shrewd and erudite as always but with all the poker-faced pedantry of a 'Teach Yourself Sexual Orgies'. 'Did Molly Bloom really move all that heavy furniture, including a piano and a sideboard so high it cracked Bloom's temple?' Tick the box. 'Is one of the numerous women whom we see by any chance Bloom's correspondent "Martha Clifford"?' 'Very possibly,' Kenner replies to himself. And then, instantly: 'Possibly not.' Students' guides to such daunting texts aren't to be sniffed at, but they need at least to convey a sense of the sheer bizarreness of Joyce's project. For all Kenner's informativeness, he treats *Ulysses* as though it were a rather more complicated *Silas Marner*, taming the unruly text to an 'imaginary' object of consumption in just the way McCabe opposes. This may be the way to become Andrew W. Mellon Professor of the Humanities at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, but it's hardly the way to read Joyce.

Geoffrey Grigson

Heart Failure

How he would have enjoyed (leaning
Back, like an advert, lighting his pipe)
The suddenness, waders on, five minutes
Before, of his exist from life,

Knowing how pissed his relations would be
At the way he had spent his own wealth,
And certain that Life, in a new bra,
Would be upstairs admiring herself.

R. P. Blackmur

HENRY ADAMS

Edited by Veronica A. Makowsky
Foreword by Denis Donoghue

"One of the subtlest of the American 'New Critics' . . . it is Blackmur's evocation of Adams' symbolic imagination and its power that makes this so fine a book . . . What Blackmur is out to disinter is a style, which is what the imagination creates out of the chaos it sees. He is also out to create one, from his own subtlety and identification. For this reason, the book is a double monument: to an Adams seen in depth, and to Blackmur himself."

Malcolm Bradbury, **Observer**

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Gary Werskey

Science, Socialism & Utopia

Sage: A Life of J.D. Bernal by MAURICE GOLDSMITH *Hutchinson* £8.95
H.G. Wells: Discoverer of the Future by ROSLYNN D. HAYNES *Macmillan* £12

It is clear from these two books that Bernal and Wells had a lot in common. Both men were deeply committed to the advancement of science, which they believed could help humanity not only to increase our mastery over nature but to create a rationally and humanely organised global society as well. But they also believed that neither the scientific enterprise nor our species would progress satisfactorily so long as the world was run on a predominantly capitalist basis. For in their view capitalism's dependency on war and waste would, unchecked, lead inevitably to the extinction of life on Earth. Bernal and Wells thus saw themselves as socialists.

Though disagreeing profoundly as to whether socialism could/should be created from above or below, they were convinced that it would not happen at all unless socialists were able to insert into their 'here and now' politics a plausible and persuasive account of the future. That is why, alongside their anti-war propaganda, the two men wrote often, eloquently and in detail about how rich and challenging our lives would be in a scientifically socialist utopia. Indeed, as they grew older, their preoccupation with the future increased. To make space for their deepening political passions Bernal and Wells eventually reconceived and widened their professional roles as, respectively, a theoretical physicist and popular novelist. Taking into account, too, their equally unabashed pursuit of lovers, it is fair to say that we are confronted with two outstanding exponents of romantic/masculine rationalism.

There is a further point of similarity: both men's reputations have suffered in recent years. Each is seen as having achieved less than he might, partly because, it is said, his politics got in the way of his science/art. Bernal and Wells would not have paid much attention to such criticism. They would, however, have been concerned about the relative eclipse of their political ideas within the socialist movement. The problem in their terms would be that, while the constructive role of science under socialism is now taken for granted in the programmes of the Labour, Communist and Socialist Workers' Parties, this has ceased to be a perspective which stirs the hearts of left-wing activists, let alone the rest of the population. Probably Bernal and Wells would have been even more alarmed by the contemporary Left's limited conception of the future as a time when either capitalism or human life will be permanently extinguished. For what is currently missing from our politics is the positive, utopian dimension, scientific or otherwise, which they believed was crucial to the achievement of socialism. In other words Bernal's and Wells's political writings have undoubtedly been shelved in theory and disavowed in practice. But they have yet to be superseded.

Perhaps it is this hiatus in political imagination which looms behind the current 'crisis of the Left', at least in Britain. To understand and get beyond it will require, among other things, historically/politically engaged accounts of: (1) why men like Bernal and Wells were so keen to place 'science' at the centre of their socialist visions; and (2) why their writings appeared to resonate so well with the experience of those to whom they were addressed. Unfortunately the books under review here take on, with limited success, only the first of these objectives.

Roslynn Haynes's *H.G. Wells: Discoverer of the Future* attempts to show that Wells had privileged access to and a deep understanding of 'real science', which she believes was *the* major influence on both his political thought and his approach to literature. By the end of nine closely-argued and well-written chapters I was fully persuaded that what Wells took to be the ideals, methods and theories of science did have a deep effect upon his mode of fictional characterisation, the kinds of social criticism he made, and the form and content of his utopias. More specifically, 'H.G.' comes across here as a uniquely literary biologist who enjoyed looking at human specimens in a detached way and was concerned about how his species might evolve and be improved. Such a perspective helps to lay bare the foundation of Wells's commitment to a human environment — namely a globally organised socialist society — where the biologically fittest 'brains' could assume command and take care of the rest of us.

Yet the line running from 'science', or even Edwardian biology, to eugenic socialism is hardly a straight one. And it is here that the inadequacies of Haynes's thesis become most apparent. For she appears to be completely innocent of an extensive literature about the historically/socially conditioned nature of scientific practices in general and, more particularly, those that were dominant among British 'men of science' at the turn of the century. It is true that Wells's political views, as well as his positivist conception of science, were in accord with the outlook of the scientists who wrote for *Nature* (then edited by the novelist's close friend, Sir Richard Gregory). But the content of their politics, however obsessed with science, owed at least as much if not more to the contradictory position they occupied between capital and labour in a period of deep social and class conflict. Historians, notably Hobsbawn, have been aware for quite some time of these similarities between Wells, *Nature* and other sections of the 'new middle class'. Had Dr Haynes been more alert to such scholarship and less naive in her treatment of science, her well-researched observations of Wells's work would have carried greater weight and offered more insight into the origins and nature of his scientific socialism.

Maurice Goldsmith's biography of J.D. Bernal suffers from similar defects and has the added disadvantage of not being based upon primary sources. Goldsmith, like myself but not others, was denied access to the Bernal archives, pending the publication at some unspecified date of an authorised biography. In the circumstances Goldsmith has done well, drawing upon his own encounters with Bernal in the post-war period and making the best use he can of the scanty evidence publicly available about Bernal's pre-war activities. Consequently the book is rather lop-sided — a mere 88 pages being devoted to the first 40 years of Bernal's life. Even the more densely documented chapters that follow, bereft as they are of intimate knowledge, are rather hollow.

Nevertheless *Sage* is the best introduction we have to many aspects of Bernal's fascinatingly multi-faceted career. There are

LITERATURE

Samuel Beckett's *Company* (£5.50) in language of great poetic splendour describes the narrator to himself, 'the fable of one with you in the dark' who is his company. *The Haunting Tales of Nathaniel Hawthorne* (£7.95) are a delightful collection of spine crawlers, creepily revived. *Frescoes of the Skull* by Knowlson & Pilling (£12.95) comprehensively analyses Beckett's later work. New in paperback: *7 Expressionist Plays* (£3.50) by Kokoschka, Kafka, Barlach, Kaiser, Stramm, Brust & Goll; *Georg Kaiser Plays* Vol. I (£3.50) – 5 plays including *Gas; Carl Sternheim Plays* (£3.50) contain the famous anti-bourgeois expressionist satires; *The Era of German Expressionism* (£4.95) has all the memoirs and documents of that fascinating period.

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Theatre 1

Benedict Nightingale

The Perils of Being Nice

Timon of Athens by SHAKESPEARE *Other Place, Stratford*
Submariners by TOM MCCLENAGHAN *Theatre Upstairs*
Cloud Nine by CARYL CHURCHILL *Royal Court*
Loot by JOE ORTON *Lyric Studio, Hammersmith*

Timon has had its admirers, among them Hazlitt, who praised its singlemindedness and intensity, and Marx, who thought it an effective critique of a society bound together by the cash-nexus; but the producers have, on the whole, left it to fester in the archives. Even the RSC, which takes pride in getting through the whole Shakespeare canon once every five years or so, hasn't touched it since 1965; and one can see why. At Stratford the *specialitées de la maison* include a strong sense of the complexities of situation and character, an educated instinct for ambiguity and irony, and great vocal dexterity when it comes to coping with the bard's metaphoric gymnastics. But *Timon* is a stark, blunt sermon delivered by a preacher whose way of illustrating his grimmer ideas is simply to howl very loudly and monotonously for long periods. It is generally agreed to be an unpolished draft, and, though probably written afterwards, leaves the impression of an embryonic *Lear* that has skidded rather spectacularly off the road. Timon, too, thinks he can buy love; but disillusion, so far from maturing and eventually mellowing him, plunges him into a sort of cosmic pique, a murderous self-pity akin to that felt by Lear when he's first thrust into the storm, but in this case sustained until death. Psychiatrically-minded critics have talked of megalomania and of brain damage due to syphilis, and deferentially wondered about Shakespeare's own stability circa 1608. Others have noted the extremes both of Timon's benevolence and of his vindictiveness, and mused about fanaticism. And so the debate goes on.

The RSC's contribution to it is largely determined by the nature of both the Other Place and Richard Pasco. Each is innately modest. Timon's swanky palace becomes a bunch of unvarnished planks, his feasts discreet picnics, and he himself a warm, well-meaning, utterly unaffected host. Arrogance, hunger for power, and the other perils of philanthropy do not afflict him. The worst that can be said of him is that he takes a naive delight in giving pleasure to those for whom he feels friendship, and enjoys basking in the affection he supposes them to have for him. Everywhere hospitality, not show, is on offer; and this emphasis brings obvious problems with it. Perhaps we can accept a dingy dining-room, unattractive to the freeloader, on the assumption that some Athenian Bocuse is whisking up *minceur* dishes in the kitchen offstage. But Mr Pasco is in danger of seeming too unswervingly nice, too near the Timon who would 'build a paradise of love on earth' sentimentally postulated by Wilson-Knight. Shouldn't he be quietly preparing us for at least some of the bile he has to vomit up in the second part?

The answer, which not everyone will find convincing, is that his niceness is itself the preparation. A man who has opened every last chamber of an authentically big heart to the local squatters is, one supposes, likely to be pretty upset when they prove ungrateful; and Mr Pasco proceeds to temper rage with a grief that does much to round out the character and make its two halves consistent. He finds a surprising capacity for disgust and venom in himself, and certainly cuts an unappetising figure in and around his net-encrusted cave, with his grimy garb, sweaty jowls, red eyes, ever-deepening five o'clock shadow, and general air of needing only a meths bottle to be complete. But when he comes to the question, 'what wouldst thou do with the world if it lay in thy power?', this Grecian down-and-out is mourning as well as reviling the badness of creation. He's a Pangloss who has withered into a Thersites; but also a Thersites who dimly hankers to be a Pangloss again. I don't think anyone would claim that *Timon* deserves its place among Shakespeare's mature tragedies; but Mr Pasco's performance is intelligent enough, the rest of the cast sufficiently accomplished and Ron Daniel's direction sufficiently sensible and sensitive, to ensure that this time it is all it perhaps can be, a most interesting phenomenon.

Tom McClenaghan, having served in the Navy himself, presumably knows what it's like, or likely to be like, in the chief petty officers' mess in a Polaris submarine on two months' claustrophic safari. The ra-ra exhortations from an invisible captain, the diffident visits from the padre; the banal messages over the tannoy ('the ice-cream machine is out of order until further notice'); the banter, the stretched nerves, the tantalisingly terse telegrams from home. It is certainly nice to find a dramatist capable of simulating front-line reports from a place perhaps one theatregoer in a million is likely to see, especially when the happenings in that place could mean life or death for the remaining 999,999. Mr McClenaghan, it should be noted, takes a quietly sceptical view of our independent 'deterrent' and those in control of it. Indeed, he shows a senior PO actually going mad, leaving us to wonder about those with their fingers still more firmly on the nuclear button. He also seems pretty exasperated with Navy bureaucracy, which stands accused of misusing talent: hence the apparent improbability that the sharpest mind onstage, mischievously encapsulated by Philip Davis, belongs to the mess steward.

The play's strength isn't only the aptness and authenticity of its setting: its author can also write good dialogue for plausible characters, and sustain tension enough to keep us watching them. Which of the malcontents on view will successfully con his way onto dry land? And is the sub really chugging into political perilous waters? Mr McClenaghan has some technique to learn, and some to unlearn; to have the steward who has been feigning homosexuality as his ticket home suddenly and passionately kissed by the butchest PO is a dreadfully sensational way of bringing down a first-act curtain, especially when it leads to absolutely nothing later. Still his is an auspicious debut.

The late Joe Orton would have liked *Cloud Nine,* which moves from the Victorian hothouse to a modern London park in a consistently funny and intelligent attempt to expose the absurdity of rigid sexual categories and rules; and so do I, even better than I liked its first production last year. Whether he would have admired Kenneth Williams's revival of his own anarchic farce *Loot,* I'm not so confident. It isn't easy to prevent those cynical, swaggering and often brilliant lines coming to seem excessively self-conscious, and the play itself turning into a sustained case of overkill by epigram, peopled by flaunting marionettes. Indeed, it isn't easy to find any suitable style for its relentless heartlessness, its gleefully sustained snook at every totem, from the police to religion to death, bereavement and grief. Williams's cast opt for as much reality as circumstances permit; but still sometimes leave the impression of straining and sweating to be funny, clever and wicked.

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Theatre 2

Christopher Edwards

Noose-Free

The Beggar's Opera by JOHN GAY *Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith*
Sacred Cow by REG LIVERMORE *Phoenix*

The influence of Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* on this production can be seen in the studied disorderly meanness of the set; small painted canvas backdrops are lowered to depict Peachum's house or Newgate prison and a few couches, tables and chairs are visible, piled up at the side of the stage ready to be carried on by the cast. Draped negligently over these props are various whores and highwaymen waiting either for their cues or for Mr Peachum to betray them to the hangman whose gallows stands ominously at the back, illuminated in green against London's night sky.

Perhaps the most important debt to Brecht's work though is that you don't arrive expecting sweet singing from the cast — which is just as well. Polly and Macheath dominate the first half with their solos and duets and most of their singing is painful to hear. Although she does manage to pick a safe way through the terra firma of her middle register, Polly croons around the lower notes and soars to a strangled bleat on the top ones. The best you can say about Brian Protheroe's voice is that it keeps good time while leaving you to imagine the note he is looking for. Actually this doesn't matter too much; he is in the best tradition of the original 18th-century Macheath who couldn't sing the tunes but won through 'by his inimitable action and by his speaking to the eye'. Protheroe, too, is a star cad — handsome, debonair and a dastardly bastard to his gullible trollops.

What can you say about Roy Moore's musical score? Anyone who knows and loves Frederick Austin's arrangement for the 1921 Lyric production at Hammersmith will wilt in despair at the philistine meddling with everything that was elegant and accomplished about it. One of many possible complaints is the fatuous 'Hank Marvin' twanging of the single electric guitar in the pit. As most of the tunes are traditional airs surely a fiddle or a string section could have been included.

Of the other voices, Mr Lockit and Mr Peachum side-step the demands of melody and give powerful renderings of their witty duets by employing a sort of unctuous snarl, entirely appropriate to their wheedling characters. They also appear in the best number of the evening, a real delight, accompanying Rosemary Leach's superb brothel-keeper in her drinking song.

David Turner has cleverly and successfully revised the text to allow the mercenary Mr. Peachum to introduce the Beggar/author to the practice of buttering up an audience; Macheath is due to hang, but everyone (including his six wives) loves him; ergo, if a happy ending can be supplied, the demand for more performances will increase and so will the box office revenue. The Beggar catches on and suavely announces a reprieve, Macheath slips out of the noose and everyone dances a jig. Both he and Polly act so well that their singing can almost be forgiven but it is a mistake to tack on a repeat of their love duet at the end instead of closing with the excellent four-part harmonies of the chorus.

Sacred Cow is the London debut of Australian Reg Livermore's one-man show. He's determined to prove himself a virtuoso performer and in the end you have to grant it him — despite reservations about how entertaining the whole thing actually is. He comes on in three separate roles — first as a whingeing suburban Aussie in drag, recording a message to send to a dying sister in hospital. Some of the humour finds a neat balance between the black and the poignant (all the spoken material in the show is by Livermore) but the conscious exercises in bad taste are infantile and at times excruciating — for instance he tells the sister that he's not surprised about Peter Sellers's death, considering the number of women he'd been up and down. Embarrassed silence from audience.

There is a band on stage throughout providing backing for Livermore's rock ballads in his second role as straight singer. The material he uses is varied — songs by Taupin, Sayer, Midler but the lasting impression he gives is of a cloying self-pity most at home with itself in a number where an unloved bar-fly finds a scrap of affection from a stranger.

Livermore's talents are best exhibited by his several appearances in drag — one a spectacular trapeze entrance as a tamer of dwarf lions. He is really a camp clown who can sing and his most successful incarnation is as a hallucinogenic South American transvestite singing a song called 'Marahuana'. She sucks the microphone as if it were a joint, the music goes to her head, her mind strays, gets lost amidst the exotic fruit of her costume and she tumbles to the ground in doped disarray.

Weekend Competition

No 2635 **Set by Peter Alexander**

Radio 4's *Injury Time* recently gave us the Queen's Christmas Broadcast as written by Frankie Howerd. You're asked to polish up your versions of the comics and give us speeches by well-known political leaders scripted by comedians, e.g. Lennie Bruce ghosting for Carter, Beryl Reid for Thatcher. Max. 150 words, by 3 October.

No 2632 **Set by Fat Jeff**

Restaurant critic's prose about school dinners.

Report **By Mercy Dash**

A mysterious gastric bug has more than decimated the Complex. It seems to come on suddenly and to be highly infectious. One by one they've come reeling out of the final judging lounge, white and sweating, lips firmly compressed. As she stumbled towards the executive ladies', Ms de Meaner sort of grabbed me away from my photocopying and pushed me in among the entries strewn across the six-inch pile. *I* think it's partly *your* fault, you know. All those truly gruesome dins, when this *wasn't* a gruesome comp. It was actually more of a hint at the horrors of school cooking in prose that makes it sound attractive and also sends up the more pretentious of the food writers' comp. Eight green ones to Nancy Mattausch, Peter Peterson, A.D.C. Peterson and Molly Fitton for their restaurant critics and to Bill Greenwell for his advertising copy. Stanley J.'s PR blurb departed even more seriously from the original intention of the competition, but I *liked* it, so he gets eight, too.

Rorke's Drift Crescent Primary School
Well worth a detour off the North Circular. We especially enjoyed *Le Crapaud dans le Trou*, a memorable gastronomic experience. The accompanying baked beans were very fresh; indeed, the dinner lady assured me that the tin had been opened that very morning. Potatoes, simply cooked *à l'anglaise*, were the perfect accompaniment. Afterwards we chose *Chien Tacheté*, one of cook's specialities. I was told that she lovingly inserts each currant by hand! My companion enjoyed a half bottle of Tizer; my choice was lightly-chilled Coca-Cola. A reasonably priced meal at 45p.

NANCY MATTAUSCH

Pinchpenny Comprehensive's Baked Beans are, frankly, a revelation. The toast is crisp and dismissive as a teenage tomboy; but underneath it all, like a teenage tomboy, soft and yielding. The beans are a rosy mass of gorgeous gluten. Then there's *Dog's Delight*: mince to make a mastiff's mouth water, topped by mashed mild and fluffy as a new-washed blanket. For dessert? Fruit, native and foreign, in and out of season, bathed in the creamy yellow richness of standard custard. A selected cellar of still and sparklers (the latter available on payment of a small supplementary charge) completes the menu.

PETER PETERSON

School dinners are *fun* at Bash Street Comprehensive. We tickle those pernickety teen-age palates with a Government-approved mouth-watering character-building programme of Nuclear Nosh-Ups: Home-Made Mulligatory Soup; Thatcher Pie-In-The-Sky (with added steroids before O and A Level Exams); Fillet of Codswallop and Micro-Chips (an education in mastication); Cabinet Pudding (Wet or Dry); Atomic *Bombe Surprise*; and Ethnic Coffee. You should hear the contented chomp chomp chomp of juvenile jaws and delighted cries of 'Wow!' 'Oooooaaarh!' 'Bionic!' as the happy youngsters wolf each succulent morsel . . .

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

. . . typical of cuisine across our county's calorie-controlled curriculum is the five-star feast at St Egon's Infants. Here salubrious sausages nudge ravishing french frieds on a featherbed of crispy local lettuce. Fresh water comes, cooled and clear to professional palates, and straight from a stainless tap too, to accompany every course. The blancmange is pert, pink perfection, slipping into the lips with innocent zest. Especially recommended is the chef's special, an ample extra dollop of custard, luxuriously lumpfree and buttercup-yellow, conjured in the kitchen by the magic hands of Mrs Beeston and Doreen. Yes, it's no packed lunches for St Egon's!

BILL GREENWELL

'Communally cooked for you' is the *mot juste* at Warwickshire's comprehensives. The Dinner Hour Master (or Maitre d', as he is now called) will 'usher' you to your table as an honoured guest. There each *étudiant* chooses from a truly fabulous assortment: ragout of chicken sinews, sausages aux frites crinklés, haricots sauce tomate. Recommended is the Friday speciality, known to afficonados as 'battered cod'. In the soft light from semi-opaque windows the ambiance is incessant and the table-talk deafeningly cheerful. An ample cellar, for consumption mainly in the playground or patio, is available at the adjacent supermarket.

A. D. C. PETERSON

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good and fairly full chapters on his achievements and style as a physicist, his remarkable record as a war-time adviser to Mountbatten and his post-war contribution both to the peace movement and to the World Federation of Scientific Workers. With regard to Bernal's social thought, Goldsmith is more secure with his subject's observations about the organisation of science and speculations about the future than he is with Bernal's writings on Marxism, socialism and communist strategy. Goldsmith is also hazy on the precise character of Bernal's relationship to the Communist Party and the Association of Scientific Workers, and he tells us less than he probably knows about the depth and nature of Bernal's many sexual relationships.

Finally and most crucially, Goldsmith has not been able to show us whether Bernal's life was of a piece or, as presented here, a series of fairly compartmentalised practices. I suspect it was the former — an extraordinary, not always exemplary man who, as a socialist intellectual, faced many interesting contradictions and 'lived out', courageously, at least a few of them. Nevertheless we still do not know much about the 'everyday' Bernal; nor does Goldsmith tell us. Hopefully (albeit doubtfully) the official biographer will.

Judy Cooke

Roast Cat

Man In The Holocene by MAX FRISCH *Eyre Methuen* £5.50
Imago Bird by NICHOLAS MOSLEY *Secker* £5.95
Wounds by FREDERICK BUSCH *Hamish Hamilton* £6.50
Winterreise by GERHARD ROTH *Faber/Farrar, Straus & Giroux* £4.95
The Crow Eaters by BAPSI SIDHWA *Cape* £5.95

'It should be possible to build a pagoda of crispbread, to *think* of nothing, to hear no thunder . . .' but Herr Geiser cannot behave in such a way, he listens out for the storm. Max Frisch's play *The Fire Raisers* has become a central text on the nature of fear and what it spawns; his short novel *Man In The Holocene* focuses on the panic experienced by one lonely old man. Geiser's approaching death makes him desperate for certainties of any kind; he tries to classify his own experience and put the events of his life into some sort of order. He notes the geological formations of the Alpine valley in which he lives; he searches the rocks for signs of a landslide; he studies evolution and covers his walls with paleontological data and pictures of dinosaurs. The sense of menace intensifies and Geiser reaches a pitch of confusion. 'Since yesterday, when he roasted the cat over the fire and then was unable to eat it, Geiser can no longer face the soup.' Frisch's parable is powerfully stated in taut, lucid prose but his central point about civilisation — that the more information we get, the more savage we become — has been made before and the innovations of typesetting and arrangement were done to better effect by the late B.S.Johnson who, God knows, got rapped hard over the knuckles on their account.

Next, two studies of illness, one English and optimistic, the other American and morbid. Nicholas Mosley's *Imago Bird* is related by Bert, an intelligent 18 year old with a stammer and a difficult family. He is undergoing psychoanalysis for both conditions and living at 10, Downing Street with his aunt and uncle while his parents are abroad. There are many improbabilities in the novel; it does seem unlikely that Uncle Bill, prone to taking pot shots at the ceiling, should have got himself elected Prime Minister, even by a country with our track record. Nevertheless, the book holds one's attention, largely because the narrator's personality is engaging, touching and slowly opening to love.

Frederick Busch's *Rounds* is about a paediatrician trying to come to terms with suffering in both private and professional life. Eli Silver has lost his only child, consequently, his wife leaves; he examines a pregnant, unmarried psychologist, takes her to bed and persuades her to let a childless couple adopt her baby. Playing God in this way brings about disaster, breakdown and multiple injuries. If you like double-edged sentiment and blow by blow accounts of operations, particularly on children, this one is for you.

Gerhard Roth's *Winterreise* seems sensitive, even lyrical by comparison but the author's ambitions have not been fully realised in the text. Roth is Austrian; his protagonist Nagl abandons a teaching job in a dull town and goes south to Italy, seeking the winter sun. Anna accompanies him on the journey and their unhappy love affair, juxtaposed with some fairly good travel writing, provides the whole content of the book. This could have been enough, since the sexual relationship is well described, the lovers' sensuality carrying the harvest of its own destruction. There is an emotional thinness, though, for which the translation is in part to blame: hard to see why the term 'deceased people' was chosen, for instance, in preference to 'the dead'.

Bapsi Sidhwa's *The Crow Eaters* is an excellent novel, her first, a book about India which one can wholeheartedly enjoy rather than respectfully admire. The author is a born storyteller, an affectionate, shrewd observer of the Parsi family whose history is here related. She organises her material well and writes with authority and flair.

'Faredoon Junglewalla, Freddy for short, was a strikingly handsome, dulcet-voiced adventurer . . .' It is an opening paragraph to whet the reader's appetite and the subject is not one to disappoint his public. Freddy is first seen trundling towards Lahore in a bullock cart with his wife Putli, his baby daughter and his dreadful mother-in-law. He has some trouble with the rooster sharing the ride, a perverse bird who likes to cling to our hero's buttocks at the climax of love-making 'like an experienced rodeo rider'. In a matter of days Freddy finds an excuse for sacrificing this favourite and is soon eating chicken curry. That is the measure of the man. It is easy to credit his meteoric rise to fortune (aided by arson and insurance fraud); it is inevitable that his children are lesser figures, that Yazdi should renounce his inheritance in disgust, that Billy should become one of the richest misers in the continent. A Parsi Forsyte Saga? Who knows? Mrs Sidhwa's fiction may develop in a number of directions but one thing is certain, she will be read.

Architect or Bee? reviewed in this paper last week was incorrectly attributed to Hand and Brain Publications. It should have read Langley Technical Services.

Work and family life:
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Society has everything to gain from enabling women to serve the national economy without detriment to their social functions, and from taking use of the training invested in them. This surveys the position of working women in 5 Eastern European countries where both economic and ideological factors have highlighted the importance of the right sort of social infrastructure in bringing about equality of opportunity and treatment in employment.
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Edited by E. Mendelievich

There are at least 52 million child workers less than 15 years old, of whom more than 50 million are in the developing countries of the Third World. The aim of this book is to look into the problem, to analyse the causes which force children to seek any paying work, and to put forward possible solutions.
ISBN 92-2-102165-3 (hard cover) £8.15
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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Julian Barnes

Tough on the Nanny

Donald Woods is the one I feel sorry for. I mean to say, how would *you* react if they put you in a TV series in which your fellow-subjects included Lord Lucan, Alfie Hinds and Kim Philby? And if the house voiceover announced that what you had in common with them was that you had all taken part in 'celebrated bids for freedom'? The next time I top someone and run off, I hope the BBC will use the same words to aggrandise my fugue. And why don't they liven up the series (*Escape*, BBC-2) by including even more celebrated bidders for freedom — like Frank Mitchell the Mad Axeman, or Martin Bormann, whose departure from Berlin was doubtless much more televisually interesting than Lucan boarding the Newhaven ferry?

And what about Donald Woods? I remember him coming to lunch at the NS shortly after he left South Africa, and telling us how remarkably undramatic it all was: he drove through the night until he reached a border, waded across an extremely small river and was there. Later he was astonished at how the popular press inflated his passage through the waters to Mosaic proportions. I shall be surprised if *Escape* doesn't have him panting through the bush, panga in hand, with half the South African rugby team on his heels.

In the meantime, the series opened with *Lord Lucan,* and immediately ducked its own title: the means by which the skedaddling earl 'bade for freedom' were not discussed; no hypothesis was offered about whether anyone helped him, or whether he just strolled down to Sealink, flashed a coroneted credit card, and bought a ticket. Instead, it settled for a routine run-through of the murder, its officially agreed aftermath, and the coroner's inquest at which (extraordinarily, in legal terms) Lucan was named as the murderer of his children's nanny. But even here, the programme was ludicrously cautious — much more so than the accompanying *Radio Times* feature, or, for that matter, than the already printed pieces by James Fox on which most subsequent Lucania is based.

Thus, the circle in which Lucan moved was very thinly sketched in (maybe the BBC lawyer thought James Goldsmith would sue merely if it were mentioned that he was a friend of the murdering earl's). Nor was a name given to the Clermont, where Lucan got free lunches in return for window-dressing the club with his title; this became merely 'a gambling club in Berkeley Square'. And there was even a moment when Lucan was described as writing an article on gambling for 'an Oxford magazine'. Well, there aren't that many Oxford magazines: was the name left unspecified out of laziness, or because of some obscure legal fear that it might be defamatory to say of a paper that it had hired Lucky Lucan?

Such details matter. They matter because the handling of the Lucan case by the press — and now by the BBC — glamourises, and unwittingly toadies to the scarpered scoundrel. 'The Lucan affair' has become a sexier version of 'the Stonehouse affair': sexier because there are titles involved, because murder is more winning than fraud, and because bungler Stonehouse turned up. *Escape* duly picked its way with deferential delicacy round the feelings of those close to the Lucans; but it had no compunction about showing facsimiles of the bloodied length of lead piping which despatched Sandra Rivett, or the mailbag in which her corpse was stowed. This seems to be one of the defects of television: give them a luxurious setting for a play, allow them to use *all* their deep-buttoned leather armchairs in one go, and the moral gyroscope gets all wonky. They can reproduce locations perfectly, and clothes, and find lookalike actors; but reproducing the values of the world from which their protagonists come is another matter. The actor playing John Aspinall was even allowed, at the end, to put the case for Lucan's 'unfashionable' virtues. But the remark of Aspinall's to James Fox which crystallized some of the more revealing social attitudes of the case was not quoted: 'Of course, out of politeness one says it's very tough on the nanny; though I don't feel a sense of personal loss, of course.' Another missing item was news of whether or not the Bingham family has made any payment (*ex gratia,* of course) to the Rivett family to compensate them for Lucan's bid for freedom.

For a better class of murderer one had to turn this week to Ernest Raymond's *We, the Accused* (BBC-2). It may be a little close on the heels of *Malice Aforethought,* in which fussy, precise, worm-turning Hywel Bennett thoughtfully poisoned his domineering wife; here, fussy, precise, worm-turning Ian Holm is booked for the same trip with bullyingly hypochondriac Elizabeth Spriggs. Even so, I'm hooked. Stanley Spencer this week could be heard describing in one of his drawings the unlikely but loving parabola of curves of a married couple: they fit against one another, he said, as the liver accommodates itself to the stomach. Holm and Spriggs are fitting against each other as the heart accommodates itself to a broken bottle.

Spriggs contrives marvellous volte-faces, from whining hair-netted invalid to rampant matron, whipping off her wig like a furious transvestite. Holm's snatched moments of adulterous passion with Angela Down are captivatingly done: strolling through chill public parks in matching black bowlers, glancing around nervously, and finally, with just a bit too much fake mist being puffed out by the machines, lurching at each other among a clump of thick-trunked trees. Their awkward verve, perfectly conveyed, reminded me of adolescence's seemingly never-to-be-solved question: 'Where do the noses go?'

As for the uxorious, non-murdering *Stanley Spencer*, he was the subject of a study directed and photographed by David Rowan (BBC-2). This was the best film about art I've seen for a long time. Rowan cleverly avoided the three main pitfalls of such programmes: 1) inept commentary; 2) 'hosing' technique in filming the paintings themselves; 3) inappropriate background music — i.e., background music. He let Spencer speak for himself, either on tape or film (there is a surprising amount of him still around), or through his vivid journals and letters. So instead of the normal trot through the private life, we were allowed to concentrate on the strange, democratic spirituality of the work. Spencer's pantheism, joined to an artistic creed which made him unable to imagine a place, or an occasion, where he might say 'This has nothing to do with art', produced a constant numinising of the ordinary — to the point where he could claim that three objects from a dustbin contained for him the same mystery as did the Trinity. When commissioned as a war artist he wanted, he wrote, to show 'God . . . in fouling mule lines.'

Though seemingly even more self-obsessed than most artists, he was rescued by a puckish humour — 'I like the Scots: you can talk to them as easily as you can talk to a hedge' — and a quaint schoolboyishness: there was a fetchingly straight-voiced moment when he described how his childish pleasure in seeing over high walls had, in the fullness of time, developed into a mature desire to see up women's skirts. With a high, fast, slightly giggly delivery (he sounded like Lord Longford on a good day), he may have played up a bit the 'inspired idiot' line or art; but he was no hick. Sir Hugh Casson, introducing the programme, unwisely declared that Spencer read nothing but the Bible. Well . . . the film was barely a few minutes old before Spencer had referred to Donne and St Augustine. And what would Casson make of Spencer's 'reading-aloud' list from the early Twenties: *Don Juan*, and *Odyssey*, Euripides, Sophocles, Strachey, Chekhov, Ibsen, Defoe, Dostoevsky, and so on. One pictured Spencer, peering perkily over the wall of Heaven as he once peered over the top of his 'Stanley Writing Pad', and having a good chuckle at the current PRA.

David Jacobs has been rewarded for the success of last season's *Where Are They Now?* with a US budget and a more luxurious set: a nice pair of floral moquette armchairs plus two huge bunches of flowers. I'm not sure the foreign budget is such a good idea: last week it brought us the excruciating Fay Wray, who once played King Kong's girl and is now married to a brain surgeon (there might be some connection). Miss Wray solemnly told us how it wasn't really until the Sixties that she properly realized the niche that she in fact held in American mythology. But now that she's realized it, boy, she certainly won't let the cameras out of the house without whacking it home. Like most retired movie stars, she announced that what she is really interested in now is writing. Anything in particular, Jacobs dutifully asked. Yes, she's at work on 'my view of my part in this wonderful art form that . . . has meant such a lot to the world.' I think she meant she's scratching her memoirs.

Jacobs didn't get much more out of the commander of HMS Amethyst. One of Jacobs's main problems is that his questions manage — and it is a curious feat — to sound both toadying and patronising at the same time. 'You were actually hit — that must have been a *terrible* moment,' he said, as if fearing that without a lead the mariner might reply, 'Nothing I like more — nice bit of gore on the decks.' David is much more at ease with the likes of Brian Poole, ex of the Tremeloes and now leading a manifestly happy family life.

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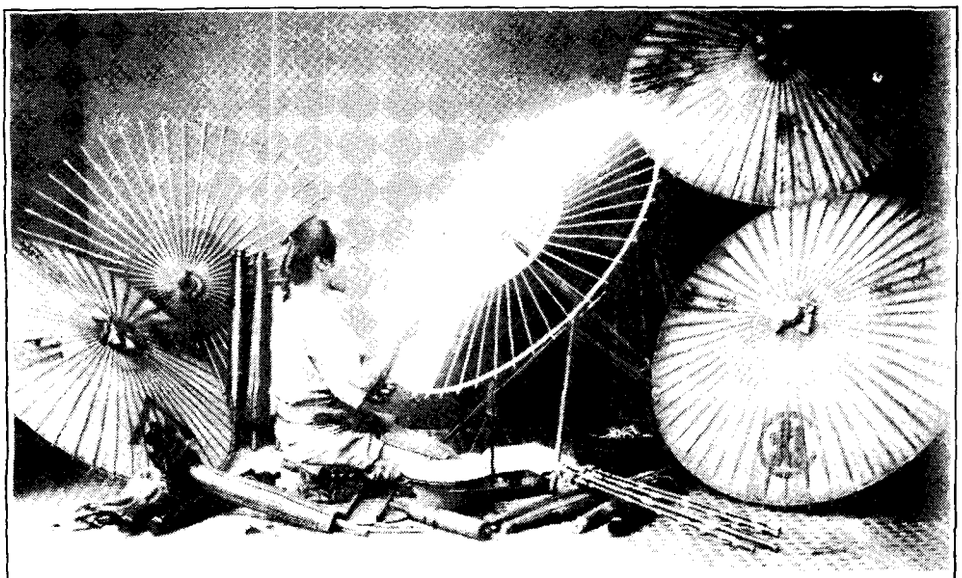

Japan: Photographs 1854-1905, by Clark Worswick. Hamish Hamilton, £12.95

Fair Play

NIGEL LEWIS on the Commonwealth Film Festival in Cyprus

That giant intercontinental quilt, the Commonwealth, has just celebrated its diversity with a patchy but interesting festival of film and television in Cyprus. As a P.R. exercise, for the Commonwealth and as a morale-booster for the Cypriots, it was an unqualified success; as an event on the international film calendar (badly placed midway between the Edinburgh and Venice festivals) rather less so. Some shortcomings derived from the festival's being the first of its kind, some from the fact that the great majority of Commonwealth members are poor and have not developed thriving film industries of their own. But a deeper flaw was the contradictory nature of the Commonwealth itself.

The contradictions show in its name: few organisations have a greater *disparity* in wealth between its members, and its unity often takes the form of a forced sentimentalisation of its *real* shared past. Under the surface stitching of goodwill and the thread of a shared language, a strong resentment — a baffled hatred, even — still smoulders. On a wall of the Nicosia barracks a plaque commemorates a young EOKA member killed 'by the barbarians': that means you and me.

The diplomatic skills needed to keep the Commonwealth together do not make for artistic honesty. The contradictions mean that any competitive Commonwealth gathering — such as a film festival — must make allowance for fair play, and lay the emphasis firmly on participation over achievement. Given the advantages in film enjoyed by some states, notably Australia, this was perhaps inevitable. But it was also regrettable.

It is the spirit of sport applied to art, but sport has clear winners while in art there are judgments to be made. In the circumstances, the judges did well in reconciling the demands of fair play with the pursuit of excellence. Their assessment of the film entries may be seen from the winner, the Australian feature *Breaker Morant*, which was an also-ran for top honours at Cannes. Much poorer overall was the television section, which was swamped by the UK and which in my view should have been scrapped altogether or turned into a forum instead.

Most disputed film of the festival was the Kenyan-British *The Rise And Fall Of Idi Amin,* as slick as a snake, shiny as a poisoned apple, and one of the nastiest films I have seen. Purporting — on the basis of accurate research and look-alike actors playing Amin and Bob Astles — to tell the unvarnished truth about Amin's eight years in power, it was just another crude exploitation movie. The packed Cypriot audience responded according to plan as all the well-tried Button Bs — sex, humour, and sickening violence most of all — were deftly pressed, all in the name of truth. Two reels were shown in the wrong order, which made the violence seem more gratuitous than it already was.

The film was dedicated to selected victims of Amin's terror, when in its aggressive commercialism and utter lack of understanding or of any attempt to understand the events it portrayed (there was even a long car-race sequence) it was an insult to them. It should have aroused the ire that was vented instead on the tactless but innocuous *Our Man In Lusaka* documentary, but because it was partly Kenyan the African delegates dealt with their embarrassment by turning the film's running gag — Amin's 'Thank you very much' — into the festival catch-phrase.

Sixty per cent of the world rights of *Idi Amin* have already been sold, and Twentieth Century Fox is interested in buying it for Britain and America. It should not be shown here. There would be no use cutting the cannibalism sequence: the film is rotten through and through and should be consigned to its 5 m. dollar scrapheap.

More promising pointers to the African film of the future were the Ghanaian *Love Brewed In The African Pot* and the Nigerian *Shaihu Umaru.* Here there was a clear divergence in black and white opinion. Black delegates found the Ghanaian film an accurate and detailed portrayal of African life and its family and religious tensions, while the whites, myself included, were put off by what we considered its sentimental innocence and melodramatic self-indulgence. Perhaps it was too Christian, not wild and woolly enough, for our idea of Africa, but perhaps more representative for all that then the exotic *Shaihu Umaru,* which won the festival's silver award.

What we liked about this were its 'art film' aspects. Like the Ghanaian film, we thought it too slow (but perhaps time does move more slowly, looking into someone else's mirror-image?) but here we felt the slowness to have an epic grandeur, as we followed the growth of the Hausa boy, Umaru, into the devout Muslim teacher, 'almost a saint' in his own country. Story, locations, costumes, stylization and pace combined to suggest the work of a black Eisenstein, and the film contained what were for me the finest frames of the festival: an Arab slave-trader clutching his adopted black son to his breast, his camel-team and shackled black slaves lining the desert behind him.

Like *Shaihu Umaru,* the Australian entry *Manganinnie* dealt with a child displaced from its own family. It too was criticised for its pace. But like the Nigerian film — set on the borders of northern 'Hausaland' and the Arab territories — *Manganinnie* moved in a world of slower, non-Hollywood time: the Tasmanian bush. It had its flaws, including a tendency to sentimentality, but its disowning of clock-watching time for a time where the watched pot never boils was not one of them. Indeed the absorption into the time of trees, stones, and stars was part of the point the film had to make. Together with the little white girl we were initiated by Manganinnie, the aboriginal girl separated from her Singing River People, into the secrets of the terrain onto which the white world was hurrying to impose itself. It had a great gentleness. The miracle was achieved: a colonial white child psychologically 'went native', and so by proxy did we, feeling the same reasoning fear of the murderous white 'barbarians'. Many in Cyprus felt it should have won an award, but cosmetic fair play demanded only one Australian winner.

Cyprus is to be congratulated on holding this first festival, which, if it becomes established, could be an important contribution to the growth of film and do much to encourage a revived belief in the Commonwealth. But there are problems to be ironed out. Money is one of them, but more important is clarity of purpose and organization. Next time, for example, it might be an idea to

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group the countries into different 'leagues', Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Britain, and India in one, say, Nigeria and Ghana in another, then have the section winners fight it out. This would be a truer reflection of the film capabilities of different countries and the cultural difference between them than open competition. The festival has to be an artistic event first and a diplomatic jamboree second: otherwise it will not win credibility, and will not survive. I wish it well and hope it does.

Films

John Coleman

Love and Ruins

The Marriage of Maria Braun (AA) *Screen on the Hill; Cinecenta; Odeon, Kensington*
The Third Generation *Electric Cinema, Portobello Road, from 21 September*
German Film Week *NFT, 22-28 September*
Simon (A) *Warner West End; ABCs Bayswater and Fulham Road*
Chuquiago *ICA, from 19 September*

The saving graces of many a film from the prolific Rainer Werner Fassbinder have proved to be the performances of his women. Like Bergman, he draws upon a repertory company of great talent, with the balance surely weighted on the distaff side. In *The Marriage of Maria Braun* (1978), Hanna Schygulla in the title role bestrides a harsh decade like some latter-day Barbara Stanwyck, taking on a man's world and beating it to the punch, redeeming a congested melodrama from at least some of its worst excesses. The result is Fassbinder's most absorbing and chillingly humorous movie to date. Further bolstered by a masterly re-creation of bad times past. From love among the ruins (Maria's hasty marriage to soldier Hermann during an air raid), the story pursues the indomitable Frau Braun — as she doggedly waits for a one-night husband, missing, then pronounced dead — through an affair with a nice black GI, whom she kills when Hermann unexpectedly returns; her determination to work for them both, when Hermann 'confesses' to the murder and is jailed; and the barefaced way she picks up a French-German industrialist on a train, becoming his right-hand business associate and, on her own terms, his mistress. Unknown to her, this Karl Oswald (excellent Ivan Desny) makes a financial arrangement with her husband in prison whereby he will go abroad — ostensibly to find himself 'as a human being' again — on his release, to return only at the ailing Oswald's death. The ultimate re-encounter of Maria and her beloved Hermann (low-key Klaus Lowitsch), conducted against a blaring broadcast of West Germany winning the World Cup in 1954, proves ironically explosive, ruinous to a fault.

All for love, of a strange and implacable kind; and Fassbinder has rarely achieved so persuasive a fusion of his innate theatricality (high, emotional moments underlined by musical emphasis; the grouping of his characters; show-stopping dialogue — to her black, 'Will you dance with me, Mr Bill? . . . My man is dead') and an appealing naturalism, as when Bill teaches Maria English or Maria bawls out a drunk on the train or, indeed, in the whole relationship between cut-and-dried Maria and her besotted boss. Many particulars are perfect: the stampede for a butt-end in occupied Germany, the reluctant acceptance of this intrusive woman by Oswald's bookkeeper (twitchy Hark Bohm), Maria's amused resignation when her mother takes a lover as times improve. In the last resort, though, one returns to the alleviating complexity of Hanna Schygulla's performance. It is extraordinary, icily sensual, obsessively single-minded; and it needs to be, to succeed in suspending our disbelief as she unprotestingly lets her beloved carry the can for her crime. 'I'm the Mata Hari of the Economic Miracle,' she says at one point, and one laughs with her. But not even she can sell us the naive political parallels and inserts — her fate is Germany's, it is suggested, and portraits of Hitler and of post-war leaders open and close the film — to which Fassbinder is increasingly prone.

This ingenuousness bordering on frivolity fatally imbues *The Third Generation*, made the following year. The basic premise here is that if terrorists did not exist the state would have to invent them. Fassbinder has called it 'a comedy in six parts, about party games, full of suspense, excitement and logic, horror and madness, just like the fairy stories they tell children, to make the life which ends in death more endurable'. In fact, it is not far in mood and mannerisms from the dire chic of his 1976 *Chinese Roulette*, where a drifting houseful of guests played party games with a vengeance. Eddie Constantine, seamed hero of French crime movies till Godard picked him up for *Alphaville*, is here the head of a multi-national computer organisation, and his super-efficient secretary (Hanna Schygulla again) is at once the daughter-in-law of the detective (less twitchy Hark Bohm) charged with protecting Constantine and a key-member of a ludicrously disorganised group of terrorists bent on kidnapping her boss. Graffiti chapter-headings import another whiff of Godard and there is a self-destructive tendency to overlap several levels of sound simultaneously. At one group meeting, the general conversation has to compete with a girl playing a guitar, a man reading from a political text and a TV set at full power. Bulle Ogier, Harry Baer, Udo Kier, Margit Carstensen (as 'Petra', an in-joke for those who remember another Petra's bitter tears) are among those invited to waste their gifts on a deeply silly charade.

More promisingly, the National Film Theatre — taking cognisance of the resurgence of German cinema — proposes to mount an annual survey of new work. The first such German Film Week offers 13 features, ranging mercifully from explorations of the aftermath of World War II to comedy and science fiction. Heidi Genée's *1 + 1 = 3* comes warmly recommended and four other women directors are represented, including Margarethe von Trotta.

Marshall Brickman is hitherto better known as the co-writer of Woody Allen movies, a fact instantly apparent in the opening sequence of his directorial debut, *Simon*. Diminutive Becker, (Austin Pendleton) the omnisciently smiley head of an Institute for Advanced Concepts comes on for all the world like a sedated Mr Allen as he talks to camera, conducting an unseen interviewer round the mad marvels of his establishment. He and his four colleagues have triumphantly screwed up the Nielsen ratings, got a new Nixon sent back from China, invented a penicillin-resistant strain of clap, and are working on cross-breeding a human with a roach. Something akin to the giant con of *Being There*, only this time intentional, is then set in motion. With the current fascination in UFOs and outer space, what if they could programme some orphaned innocent into believing he is an extra-terrestrial? 'I like this, Eric', beams Becker, 'it has texture and scope.' Doris, the computer with whom Becker is impossibly in love, delivers a high-flying and incompetent university professor, Simon (Alan Arkin), soon brainwashed into the conviction that his mother was a space craft and given to moaning, 'I'm a toaster' at low-spirited moments.

Texture and scope are there, as Madeline Kahn passes through as a seductress, a gas leak sends the big brains gaga, a no-shit military man takes command, and Simon escapes with an old girl friend (Judy Graubart) to broadcast to a credulous world a well-conceived set of new laws. These include such items as the abolition of Musak, no kids or animals in commercials, and paper to dry one's hands instead of those infernal hot-air machines. The end is damnably sentimental, but enough has happened en route to make a visit worthwhile. If only Mr Arkin could curb his decibelage when hysteria strikes . . .

Antonio Eguino's *Chuquiago* (1977) is a worthy but flat and schematic exercise, bravely from Bolivia, comprising incidents in the lives of four socially distinct characters: a young Indian boy become beast of burden; a US-orientated Indian teenager, who goes to the bad; a bribable bureaucrat and his drunken Friday nights; and a posh girl who flirts with student politics before a safe marriage.

Duncan Forbes

Wild Life Poster

Dressed like a bat for a fancy dress ball,
A SEAGULL flounders in acres of oil.
A HEDGEHOG, flattened by a radial tyre,
Bleeds through its scalp of horrified hair.
Suspected of rabies, a FOX is shot,
And it's Belsen for BADGER inside its set.
A SALMON floating with warts on its face
Lies flat on its back in industrial waste.
A SWALLOWTAIL's mad aerobatic displays
Are caused by the pep in insecticide spray.
SPRUCE is felled for journalists' froth.
SEALS are orphaned, then bludgeoned to death.
But a CROW has a live young RABBIT to eat
And starts by pecking its eyeball out.

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But it was from the depths of my generous bowlful of *Potage Brun* that I was to pluck the most piquant delectation of an altogether exceptional culinary event. The subtle flavour of holed and faded lino; the hint of stale varnish; the slight suggestion of rusted drawing-pins and rotting green baize; the *soupçon* of antiseptic — plus that heady *mélange* of odours inseparable from any concourse of excitable young bodies — in fact, the whole intoxicating ambiance of a Waugh-like prep school of the Twenties — all this had somehow been lovingly gathered up and preserved down the decades for dispensation to the privileged State scholars of today . . .

MOLLY FITTON

Tony Miles

Chess

No 198 **A talented tactitian**

Undoubtedly my best game from my recent Norwegian tournament was the following encounter from Gausdal. My opponent, Lars Karlsson, is currently ranked number two in Sweden behind Ulf Andersson. He has a particular gift for obscure positions and is very talented tactically. Last year he scored some sensational results and at the European team championship in January he even beat probably the greatest tactical genius of all time, Mikhail Tal, virtually at his own game.

White: A. J. Miles **Black: L. Karlsson**

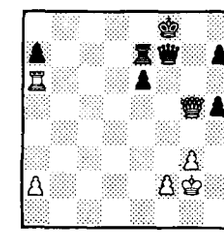
1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-K3; 3.N-KB3, P-QN3; 4.P-QR3, P-Q4. An interesting wrinkle. the usual move order is 4 . . . B-BN2; 5.N-B3, P-Q4. this way black preserves his options for the QB — maybe R3 or even elsewhere after an exchange on Q5. Anyway, seeing no particular method of exploiting it, I steered the game back to normal channels. **5.N-B3, B-K2; 6.PxP, PxP; 7.P-KN3.** I have played 7.B-B4 with some success but decided to try this for a change. **7 . . . O-O; 8.B-N2, B-N2; 9.O-O, QN-Q2; 10.B-B4, P-B3.** A slow treatment in keeping with Karlsson's style — P-B4 is the alternative. **11.P-QN4, P-QR4! 12.Q-N3.** Perhaps a little tame. After the game my opponent suggested the more critical 12.P-N5, P-B4; 13.N-K5, threatening to penetrate to QB6 and if 13 . . . NxN; 14.PxN, N-K5; 15.NxN, PxN; 16.Q-B2. **12 . . . P-QN4.** Not giving a second chance. Black needs his QN for QB5. From now on the central theme of the game is the relative qualities of the opposing minor pieces. Up to now all have been reasonable; with this choice Black commits his QB to being 'bad' in compensation for making his QN 'good'. **13.QR-Bl, PxP.** Not . . . N-N3? 14.Nx-NP! **14.PxP, R-R3; 15.R-R1.** At the cost of two tempi White has established the Queenside situation. **15 . . . Q-N3.** if . . . Q-R1; 16.Q-N2 and White will take the R-file. **16.RxR, QxR; 17.N-K1!** It is essential to guard the squares on the QR file or Black would invade with . . . R-R1 and . . . Q-R6. **17 . . . N-N3; 18.N-B2, N-B5; 19.R-R1, Q-N3; 20.P-K4.** Beginning to undermine Black's good N, whilst opening the position. **20 . . . PxP; 21.NxKP. N-Q4; 22.B-QB1.** Also interesting was 22.B-N5 to tempt . . . P-B3.

Time for a reappraisal of the minor pieces. Good: both BNs, WN(K4), WKB, BKB. Reasonable: WN(B2), WQB (this one could easily become either good or bad). Bad: BQB.

22 . . . B-B1; 23.N-B5, B-B4? A serious error. In trying to get rid of his bad bishop Black misassesses the overall situation. he should play . . . BxN, exchanging of White's good N, with roughly equal chances. **24.N-K3!** Now one of Black's good Ns must go for White's medium one. In addition White obtains a dangerously mobile centre. **24 . . . N(B5)xN; 25.PxN.** now White is clearly better. The threat of P-K4 driving Black back is essentially unstoppable. Then, at a stroke, all White's minor pieces will be good and none of Black's more than mediocre. Typically Karlsson tries to solve the problem tactically. **25 . . . BxN; 26.NPxB, Q-Q1; 27.P-K4!** It's a bluff! **27 . . . N-B3.** Forced. If . . . N-B5; 28.B-N2! NxB; 29.PxB wins a piece. **28.Q-Q3.** Now any fool could tell you that White stands better — he has the bishop pair and an imposing pawn centre — but any lesser fool might mention that pawn centres aren't always as good as they seem. Thus, if Black can pressurise the KP sufficiently to force P-K5 then he will play . . . N-Q4 and even have the advantage. Similarly, if White can force P-Q5 under favourable circumstances Black should collapse. Thus, 28 . . . B-N3 would appear 'obvious' but then White would play 29.B-N5 and although he would have to surrender one of his Bs the pawn mass would be secure and should win! So Black tries a more obscure method. **28 . . . B-K3; 29.B-N2.** Of course B-N5 was still possible but I never could resist a raking QB. **29 . . . B-B5; 30.Q-KB3, R-K1; 31.Q-B4, B-Q6.** Knocking at the back door. (If instead . . . Q-K2 32.Q-Q6 is strong). **32.P-Q5!** Not a move that demands much calculation. White's whole build-up has been directed towards this break and if it is bad then the entire concept is wrong, and that I couldn't believe. **32 . . . NxKP.** It is fairly easy to see that . . . BxP; 33.BxN, QxB; 34.QxQ, PXQ; 35.BxB, RxB; 36.R-R8ch, K-N2; 37.P-Q6, R-Q5; 38.R-QB8 is a trivial win, thus the text is forced. **33.PxP.** Karlsson was more worried about 33.P-Q6 though after . . . Q-Q2 it is not clear how White should ocntinue. Anyway the text is thematic: when you have the bishop pair, open lines! **33 . . . Q-Q4;** completely missing my reply, but probably best anyway. The threat of P-B7 was rather stong. **34.Q-K5!!** Such moves are always satisfying to make, especially when the opponent has clearly overlooked them. Aggressive personalities would thump the queen down with a bang — I prefer a quiet push myself. Actually, though, flashy as it looks, the move is purely positional. White just wants to exchange queens and support the advance of his BP. Karlsson, however, turned slightly red and spent half his remaining time recovering his composure. **34 . . . QxPch; 35.QxQ.** I toyed with B-Q4 but . . . Q-B1 is a nuisance. **35 . . . NxQ; 36.P-B7.** The struggle is still not over.Ideally Black would like to bring back the B, then the N, but unfortunately this is impossible viz if 36 . . . B-B4; 37.B-QB and (a) . . . R-QB1; 38.R-Q1 (with the twin threats of R-Q8ch and R-Q5), N-K3; 39.B-K5, P-B3 (what else?) 40.B-Q7! (b) 37 . . . B-Q2; 38.BxB, NxB; 39.R-Q1, N-N3; 40.R-Q8, K(orR)-B1; 41.B-R3(ch). (c) 37 . . . N-Q2; 38.R-Q1. (d) 37 . . . R-KB1; 38.B-R3. **36 . . . N-R5.** A reasonable try,blocking the R-file and hoping to help the defence from N3. **37.B-QB6, R-QB1; 38.B-K5, B-B4; 39.R-Q1, P-B3.** Forced. Now my first thought was 40.R-Q8ch, K-B2; 41.B-Q5ch, K-N3 (K-K2; 42.B-Q6 is a nice mate); 42.B-K4 but Black has N-N3 and if he loses only a piece there are still technical difficulties. But there is a better way:— **40.R-Q8ch, K-B2; 41.B-K8cch! K-K2; 42.B-Q6ch, K-K3; 43.B-Q7ch! kxB; 44.BxBch! Resigns.**

Problem 198

White, to play, made a move. Black played the most obvious reply. White moved again and Black resigned. What were the moves and why did Black resign? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 1 October.

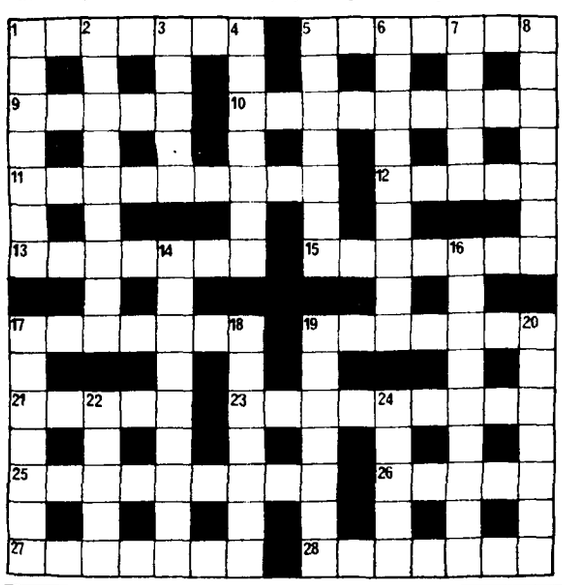


Solution to Problem 196

1.RxPch! BxR; 2.B-N5ch, B-Q2; 3.R-K1ch, Q-K2; 4.BxBch, QxB; 5.Q-N5ch, K-B1; 6.Q-KB5ch; Q-K3; 7.RxQ, PxR; 8.QxPch, K-Q1; 9.Q-Q5ch, K-K1; 10.B-N5, B-R6; 11.QxP. Resigns.

Weekend Crossword 1357

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1357, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 30 September.



ACROSS

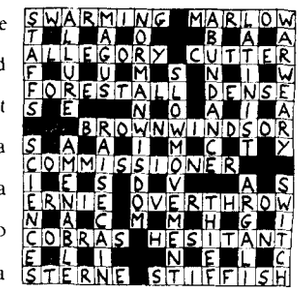
1 We stick broken gates (7)
5 Part of house where you turn red during an increase of activity (7)
9 More pleasant although apparently cold-hearted (5)
10 Concerned with relatives being opponents (9)
11 Detestable male hoots in a disorderly fashion (9)
12 Run in the next race (5)
13 Delight of the tiny, holding a toy (7)
15 Cunning bearer of gifts comes without present (7)
17 Legend in which it is held back by a bird (7)
19 Victor in the light-weight class? (7)
21 Disconcerted when the beginning of a composition is omitted and an extra note put in (5)
23 Married, about to make a meal of a woman when exposed (9)
25 One who shines has advantage with the dark (9)
26 Put in a word for a radiator (5)
27 Cut out about a page and so secure a reduction (7)
28 Produced and gave up (7)

DOWN

1 Victory coming late for boy in play (7)
2 Exultant as a bird with a ring (9)
3 Planet with cultural centre (5)
4 Miser who has to go and score (7)
5 Order most of the finest on top (7)
6 Odd odes named for a tragic heroine (9)
7 Apparent in the time a lover takes (5)
8 A wild horse is bound to go with a wild nag (7)
14 Anguish on board as a subject for the artist (9)
16 Is the crowd about to pay court to an author? (9)
17 Beaten because of association with plot (7)
18 Novel means of entering prison (7)
19 Out in the open it is foul and there is an insect around (7)
20 Left-wing leader and broadcaster (7)
22 Condescend to wait about nothing (5)
24 Speed causes the virtuous to lose their head (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1355



Prizewinners to No 1355

Charles Bloomfield (Stanhoe)
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Intending applicants should obtain the information sheet relating to these posts from the **London Representative, *University of the Witwatersrand*, Chichester House, 278 High Holborn, London WC1V 7HE,** or from **the Registrar (Staffing), University of the Witwatersrand, Jan Smuts Avenue, Johannesburg, South Africa,** with whom applications should be lodged not later than **31 October 1980.**

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Application form and job description from: **Robert Beech, Secretary, NACRO, 169 Clapham Road, London SW9 0PU.**

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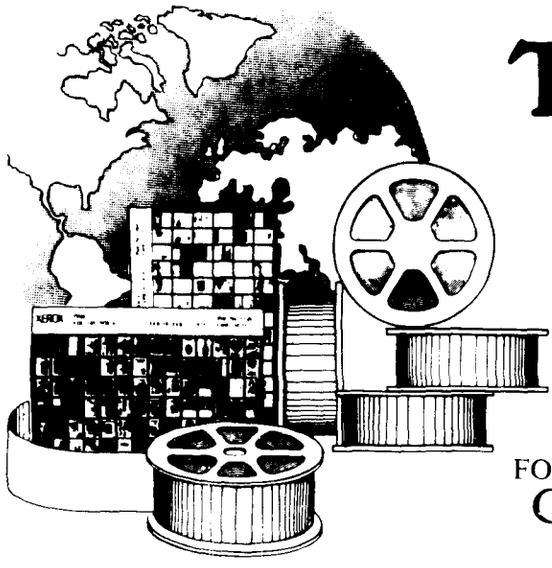

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HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. British Premiere of 'Traitors' by Stephen Sewell. Prevs from 25 Sept. 8 p.m.

JOHN ARDEN & MARGARETTA D'ARCY present 'The Menace of Ireland . . ?' readings from a selection of plays to illustrate the history of Anglo-Irish relations since the Seventeenth Century. Saturday 20 September 1.05 p.m. The Royal Exchange Theatre, St Ann's Square, Manchester. Adm 75p.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Othello', 'Sisterly Feelings', 'Amadeus'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Browning Version'/'Harlequinade', 'Watch on the Rhine'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Passion': parts I & II. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC. 928 7616. cc 261 1821. 'S'. 19, 20, 26 Sept. 7.30. Peter O'Toole in Macbeth dir. by Bryan Forbes. 20 Sept. 2 p.m. Bryan Marshall, Timothy West & Maureen O'Brien in Lancelot & Guinevere . . . the great love story from the Court of King Arthur. 23 & 25 Sept. 7.30. 24 Sept. 7 p.m. Timothy West & Maureen O'Brien in The Merchant of Venice.

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Meetings

ICA EVENTS. The Mall, SW1. 23 Sept. 1.00 Tillie Olsen discusses her book 'Silences'; 7.30 Missionaries and Indians in South America – various missionary organisations will participate in discussion preceded by Brian Moser's film 'War Of The Gods'; 25 Sept. 7.30 Dr Amilcar Santucho, Argentinian exile, discusses his experiences inside Paraguayan prisons. Tkts £1.00. 01-930 3647.

CHILD POVERTY ACTION GROUP'S
pre-Conference Meeting
(Subject)
CREATING A NEW WELFARE STATE
(Venue)
Opera House Foyer, Winter Gardens, Blackpool.
Saturday 27 September, 1980. at 7.30 p.m.
(Chair **Jo Richardson, MP***)*
Speakers: **Jack Boddy MBE Gen. Sec. AWU, Ruth Lister, Director, CPAG, Jeff Rooker, MP, Prof. Peter Townsend,** Author of Poverty in the UK.

BLACK TEACHERS in British Education. Open Seminar at Institute of Education, London University, Sat. 27 Sept. 9.30 a.m. Society of Immigrant Teachers.

LONDON CND Meeting on 'Trident', Mon. 22 Sept. 7.30 p.m. Friends Meeting House, Euston Road. Speakers: Walter Wolfgang, Dan Smith. Discussion & questions.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S. a. e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Short Talk & Questions, Sun. 21 Sept. 8 p.m. 'States After Death'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

THE SOVIET UNION & AFRICA: Talk by Mr Iouri Sokolov, Counsellor, Embassy of the USSR at 6.30 p.m. Namibia in The Frontline: Talk by John ya Otto (visiting SWAPO Secretary for Labour) plus report on the recent international conference held in Paris. At 8.00 p.m. Both talks on Tuesday 23 at Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2.

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